The New REPUBLIC

Published Weekly

Wednesday September 9, 1931

Unemployment

In Great Britain:

The British Dole in Operation

by SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

In the U. S. A.:

Ten Million Unemployed?

by W. P. MANGOLD

The American "Dole"

EDITORIAL

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September 8th

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joins the Herald Tribune

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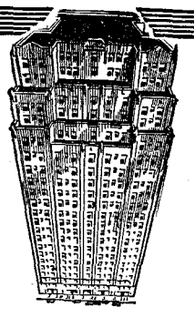

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The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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The Week

THOUGH it is stoutly denied that American bankers have attempted to dictate British internal policy, the denial must apply to the wording of the phrase rather than to the essential facts. Does anyone suppose for a moment that the new loan of $400,000,000 from J. P. Morgan and Company and French private bankers to the Bank of England would have been forthcoming if measures essential to balancing the British budget had not been assured? And is there any way to account for the haste with which the budgetary controversy had to be settled except on the assumption that this new loan was urgently necessary and could not be obtained until the controversy was decided? Of course the bankers may not have said in so many words that they would not lend the money without a reduction of the "dole." But that was at least the practical effect of their position, since the Conservatives and Liberals in Parliament, whose votes were essential to the passage of any measure, would not agree to a plan for balancing the budget which was not based on this type of economy. Essentially, there was an alliance between the international bankers and the capitalistic classes in Britain in support of the fiscal policy favored by both. As allies, they were temporarily invincible.

THE immediately interesting question concerns the future of British exchange, now that the $400,000,000 loan has been obtained. Obviously this alone provides no cure for Britain's troubles. If the recent $250,000,000 loan was so quickly exhausted, why should the new credit last more than a few weeks or months? It could provide a permanent remedy only on the assumption that the fall of sterling was caused by a panicky flight of capital out of the country, which will be stopped by a renewal of confidence arising from the political change. But this assumption does not appear to be well founded. The basic causes of the trouble were not an unwarranted fear and a transfer of liquid funds to safer countries, but the slower pressures exerted by the falling away of Britain's foreign trade, the drastic decline of prices and the tying up of her capital throughout the world during the depression—especially in Germany. What can the new government do about these things? It will, indeed, get out of office when it has passed the budget, and the chances are that the pressure on the pound will not become critical again until after the new general election. Then it is likely that the Conservatives will have their opportunity to rescue British and European capitalism from the mess it has drifted into. With the best of luck, they may succeed, but at present it is difficult to see just how.

SECRETARY Mellon, by floating the largest bond issue since the Victory loan, at the low rate of 3 percent, is wisely taking advantage of the money market at a time when credit is plentiful in the aggregate, but almost nobody can borrow except the federal government on account of the prevailing lack of confidence. Here his wisdom stops, so long as he does not press urgently for increased taxation. New long-term borrowing at low rates, applied against the older bonds paying larger interest, is sound governmental finance. But new borrowing applied to meeting current deficits and paying

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ordinary governmental expenses is unsound both economically and socially. The immense size of the floating debt, against which much of the new bonds are to be applied, arose largely from current deficits. Without larger tax revenues, the national debt is bound to increase by leaps and bounds as the months pass—and all without permanent benefit. If we increased taxes only enough to meet current expenses, we could then take advantage of the money market to carry on public-construction activities in a way somewhere nearly adequate to the need. At present, the money is being borrowed, in effect, to protect large incomes rather than to war against unemployment.

EVERY time the Russians go to Geneva they spill the rest of the world's beans. They did it long ago by proposing immediate world-wide disarmament, thereby showing with embarrassing clarity that the other great powers had no intention of doing any such thing. They have done it again in the suggestion for a general pact of economic nonaggression, just made by Maxim Litvinov, Russian Commissar for Foreign Affairs, before the conference of the Commission on European Union. The Russian proposal boils down simply to the suggestion that there shall be no economic measures of discrimination against one state alone. It would prevent, in all probability, such embargoes as the United States Treasury is now trying half-heartedly to enforce against goods manufactured in the U.S.S.R. The desirability of this proposal is only equaled by the certainty that the other powers represented at Geneva will at present have as little to do with it as possible. They have begun by referring it to a committee, an old reliable way to get rid of an embarrassing idea. The spirit of economic nationalism still stalks the scene at Geneva; and while it does, there is little hope for suggestions which, however they might help in dragging Europe back from the verge of the economic abyss, might interfere with the position enjoyed by one national group or another of industrialists.

JOSEPH PAUL-BONCOUR, chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the French Chamber of Deputies, has proposed that after next year's arms conference the nations of the world shall agree to turn over their military and naval forces to the League for joint use against any power officially judged to be engaged in a war of aggression. France, he says, is ready to do this, and he asks whether the rest of the world is ready to join her. The proposal is typically French: it is plausible, logical, persuasive, yet it will not be accepted at present and it should not be. For what it really amounts to is France's desire to put the British and American navies behind her present hegemony over Europe. She would freeze for all time the injustices recorded in the treaties of 1919, by uniting the military force of the world in their support. Moreover, there is as yet no definition of "an aggressor" which makes certain that the nation so adjudged is not actually the innocent party in the dispute. Even a country which refuses to submit its case to arbitration may conceivably be innocent and may consider that the tribunal is packed against it in advance. A much safer road for the world to follow than "putting teeth in the League" is to work toward the goal of total disarmament and, in the meantime, seek to do away with those causes of international friction—mainly economic—which lead toward war. This last effort is one to which successive French governments in recent years have paid practically no attention at all.

SIX thousand American workingmen are going to Russia to live, leaving the land of rugged individualism and the risk of starvation to work in a land where individualism is at a discount but jobs are plentiful. One hundred thousand other Americans have applied for permission to cast in their lot with the U.S.S.R., and the number who will cross the ocean will eventually be very large: Russia is seeking 10,000 American railroad men alone, and seems likely to obtain them. Not all these persons, of course, will stay in Russia permanently; probably many of them will not like the new life so alien to their own. Still, the news of this migration, the first of its kind and scope in our history, should give us food for thought. Irate conservatives have been fond of answering critics of America with a warm invitation to go to Russia and see how they like it. Their advice is being taken by a picked lot of our more highly skilled productive workers, whom we have not the wit to keep employed at home.

SECRETARY Doak reports to John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of America, that no conference of operators and miners will be held to consider the ills of the industry. Invitations to 160 operators elicited thirty-eight replies favoring a conference and twenty-one replies questioning the value of a conference, but expressing willingness to attend. The remainder either did not reply or declined the invitation. This unfavorable remainder represented 2,000,000 tons of production, against 450,000 tons of those who accepted. What, we wonder, has happened to the reported conclusion of the large Pittsburgh operators that government regulation of the industry was essential? It is true that they saw no use in conferring with labor, but are they ready to urge a more fundamental remedy? The crisis in coal cannot be considered the private affair of a few ignorant or recalcitrant coal companies. Even at the time of the unemployment census in April, 1930, 20 percent of the miners were out of work, and the number has increased since then. Starvation and disorder have steadily grown. The Red Cross is on record with the judgment that it cannot help the miners since their condition is not an "act of God." Of course it is not; it is the result of the acts of men. If the coal operators persist in their failure to organize the industry

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intelligently, the responsibility for doing so must be taken over by the public at large through the only agency it possesses for the purpose—the federal government.

FOR some years, the postal rate on letters between Great Britain and the United States has been two cents—a minor contribution to international communication and cordiality but nevertheless one of some importance. Now the rate from America to England is five cents, although the charge in the opposite direction remains what it was. The increase is the work of the American Post Office Department, and the reason alleged is the necessity for economy. It is true that the American budget shows a heavy deficiency, and that the post office does not pay its own way by many millions per annum. On the other hand, the additional revenue to be derived from this particular increase in postage cannot be of great importance measured against the whole deficit. Although Great Britain, like ourselves, has a budgetary deficit so heavy that her government has just been overturned because of it, she has not suggested an increase in her own trans-Atlantic postal rate. We propose to Postmaster Brown (though not, we admit, very hopefully) that if he needs to save money he start a campaign instead against the present disgraceful misuse of the franking privilege by members of Congress, who dump into the mails every day of the year tons of windy speeches distributed at the government's expense for the solitary purpose of getting themselves reëlected.

THE Y. M. C. A. has not, over most of its history, been noted for moral courage. It has been cautiously conservative, perhaps because it has been subsidized so largely by equally cautious and conservative millionaires. It has notoriously been losing its hold on important sections of American youth: there is even a movement for the college Young Men's and Young Women's Associations to secede and become wholly secular organizations. In these circumstances it is particularly interesting to see the strikingly liberal group of resolutions adopted at the recent international Y. M. C. A. convention at Cleveland. In the field of international relations, the Association asked for "an actual and considerable" reduction of armament at the Geneva conference next year, and the ultimate total abolition of armies and navies. In the field of industry, it urged that service rather than profit should be the dominating motive; and that whatever alteration of the existing industrial order is necessary should be made to prevent future depressions. It stressed the right of continuous employment at wages high enough to maintain a decent standard of living, the right to organize, and urged the abolition of all wage discrimination on grounds of sex and race. It asked that hours of employment should be continuously reduced until they are as short as possible. Of particular interest were resolutions urging the abolition of all racial discrimination, including the modification of immigration laws of the United States and Canada—which obviously means that Japanese, Chinese and Hindus should be put on the same basis as immigrants from European countries. Local Y. M. C. A.'s are urged to maintain open forums for the discussion of all social, political and economic matters, and are urged to intervene actively in local labor disputes whenever possible. It is, of course, much easier to write handsome paper programs of this sort than to put them into effect; and it will be interesting to see to what extent the Y. M. C. A. tries to live up to these fine-sounding declarations. Certainly, if it goes very far in this direction, it is in for a fight such as it never dreamed of.

THE state of Massachusetts is unique in that her savings banks are permitted to write life insurance. Readers of The New Republic will remember the article in our issue of January 8, 1930, which described the long struggle to put this scheme, first worked out by Mr. Justice Brandeis, into effect, and the conspicuous success which has attended its operations. Despite the prophecies of gloom broadcast by the private insurance companies, who resorted to every honorable and dishonorable means to discredit the idea, some twenty savings banks now have in operation policies with a face value exceeding $90,000,000, at a cost to the insured which averages 26 percent less than that of the private companies. We are glad to report that the depression has not halted the forward march of Massachusetts savings-bank insurance. While private insurance companies report a fall of 13 percent in new policies during the first seven months of 1931, the savings-bank-insurance system has gained more than 60 percent as compared with the same period last year. Meanwhile, the competition thus provided has forced the private companies in Massachusetts to reduce the rates and eliminate various abuses, so that by this means alone their policy holders in Massachusetts are saving more than $11,000,000 a year. How long will it be before other states have the courage to follow Massachusetts' example?

MOVIE censors habitually move in a mysterious way their blunders, as someone has aptly phrased it, to perform, but during the past year their movements have been more blunderful and mysterious than usual. We have seen them, for example, suppressing a "Silly Symphony" cow because it was portrayed reading a copy of "Three Weeks" and we also saw the unfortunate animal's udders deleted because another board of censors considered them a grave outrage upon public good taste. However, the year's censorship prize must go to the New York State Board of Censors for their work on Clarence Darrow's film, "The Mystery of Life." In this film, a purely scientific one depicting the various processes of biological evolution, the

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censors, banned, among other scenes, one showing an infant being suckled at its mother's breast, the argument being that the breasts of a civilized (their emphasis was on the word "civilized") woman must not be displayed. They also barred a scene between two snails whose feelers were entwined and another of an amoeba splitting in two. How a portrayal of the mating proclivities of these lower forms of live could corrupt the morals of the young or lead them from the lilies and languors of virtue toward the roses and raptures of vice, is certainly not within our poor capacities to explain. But it does arouse a suspicion that so far as censorship boards are concerned, evolution has not made such strides along the high road of intelligence as we have always been taught to believe.

The American "Dole"

IT WAS to be expected that the collapse of the MacDonald government by an internal conflict over whether the "dole" ought to be reduced 10 percent would be utilized by the enemies of unemployment insurance in the United States as a smashing argument against that systematic form of provision against involuntary joblessness. And it is obvious, to all those who understand even the A. B. C.'s of the situation, that this argument is utterly illogical. The facts have been told so many times that it is almost an insult to the intelligence to repeat them.

Unemployment insurance proper is not the "dole." It is a system by which funds are built up out of stated contributions by employers, or by employers and employees, or by employers, employees and the government, to be distributed at fixed rates and for limited periods to those out of work through no fault of their own, if no suitable jobs can be found for them. It is figured as expertly as possible, so that the fund shall be adequate to the burden of benefits. This sort of system operated successfully in Great Britain for many years. But the post-war readjustment and depression so increased the volume of unemployment that the government made additional contributions and loans in order to tide over what was supposed to be a period of extraordinary distress. These additional state subsidies are the "dole." It is entirely possible to conceive of a system of unemployment insurance without any contribution from public treasuries at all—such as is suggested in the draft bill by the American Association for Labor Legislation. And any system which is called unemployment insurance should be kept on a sound actuarial basis.

A further question arises, of course, concerning what is to be done for the relief of those out of work in an acute or long continued crisis, unforeseen when the plan is drawn up, who fall outside the scope of insurance benefits. Suppose many remain jobless for a longer period than that allowed for benefits by the scheme. Suppose there are many out of work who are not covered by the law at all. The more intelligent opponents of unemployment insurance argue that under such circumstances political pressure will inevitably extend the benefits by resort to public subsidy, as it has in Britain and in Germany since the War. The United States, on the other hand, say these champions of rugged individualism, has been able to avoid the "dole" because it did not begin with systematic unemployment insurance. This amounts to saying that we must sacrifice the intelligent and far-sighted way to support at least a portion of the unemployed for fear of the burden on the Treasury which might follow.

But let us see what really happens in the United States in a time of crisis. The absence of unemployment insurance certainly does not ensure the absence of unemployment. On the contrary, the probably ten million unemployed in the United States (see Mr. Mangold's article on page 88) form a larger percentage of the gainfully occupied population than those at present out of work in Great Britain. Over 20 percent of our people who normally have jobs appear to be out of work. Nor can it be argued, in the face of the current $900,000,000 deficit in the federal Treasury, that the absence of the "dole" ensures us against budgetary troubles. While the resources of this country are undoubtedly much large than those of Great Britain, it must be remembered that the threatened deficit which caused the crisis there is not more than one-quarter of our own. And it would certainly not be contended by any competent student of the subject that the relief obtained by our unemployed from our improvised and inefficient machinery is as nearly sufficient to the need, or as little injurious to self-respect, as the benefits distributed at the British employment offices under definite provisions and expert administration. There remains, then, the question of policy in raising and distributing the relief funds.

The administration, the press and the accredited leaders of opinion in the United States have all talked as if our governmental treasury and our taxpayers had not been assessed for the benefit of the unemployed. As a matter of fact, the figures show that something over 70 percent of the relief funds have come from public, not private, sources. Private charity has been nowhere nearly adequate even to that part of the need which has been met, nor will it be in the future. The public contributions have come from municipal treasuries instead of from the national treasury—that is the chief difference. If we had had unemployment-insurance funds to apply before extraordinary relief had to be undertaken, the taxpayers would not have had to contribute so much as they have.

The often repeated dogma of Mr. Hoover, Mr. Gifford and the rest that responsibility for relief is local means in effect that those who pay municipal taxes are to bear the burden—if they can—rather than those who pay federal taxes. The difference

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is vital to the possessors of large incomes. For municipalities do not tax incomes; they tax real estate. Real-estate taxes are not assessed according to ability to pay, but according to the "value" of the physical property. And they are largely passed on to the general public in the form of high rents and prices. The home owner who is barely able to pay the instalments on his mortgage bears the brunt of municipal taxes; though the factory which may yield to its owners a large income is taxed only on the basis of its land and buildings. The mainly industrial city, in which unemployment is concentrated and out of which the incomes of the rich flow, may contain less wealth than communities where the proprietors dwell. Even the localized charity drives are likely to be assessed largely against the salaries and wages of employees, while the centers of wealth may escape with a smaller levy. And if the national treasury is protected against any relief burden, the local treasuries, borrowing and taxing to the limit, are likely to be in difficulties for years to come, and will have to skimp on essential services like health, education, recreation, police and fire protection.

Even if the "locality" is considered to be as broad as the state, and relief funds are raised in some instances, as is proposed by Governor Roosevelt of New York, by state income taxes, the burden will not be equalized and the money will probably not be enough. Not many states can do this, because not many have income taxes. Most state revenues are derived from local taxation. New income-tax laws cannot be devised in time. And income is distributed unevenly by states. A New York stockholder, or a corporation with headquarters in New York, may be receiving income from a factory in Ohio, whose employees are laid off. New York individuals and corporations pay about 33 percent of the total federal income taxes. Yet, according to the unemployment census, slightly less than 13 percent of the nation's unemployed were in New York. Probably the proportion has not greatly changed. Rich New Yorkers who are being asked to contribute to the local funds may not have to raise anything to relieve unemployment where their factories are located. Whether they pay to the charity collectors or to state tax collectors, they will have to furnish only one-third as much in relation to their incomes in order to provide the same degree of relief in their state as will the inhabitants of the United States generally. Michigan, to take an example at the lower end of the scale, paying one-half of one percent of the federal income taxes, will have to relieve 6 percent of the unemployed.

The American "dole" is just as truly a dole as the British. It is insufficient; its burden is inequitably distributed; it is far more harmful to the economic and social life of the country. The rich, with their henchmen in federal offices, have deliberately chosen the inefficient and unjust method, in order that the burden may be transferred from themselves to those less able to pay.

The Harlan Trials

THE TRIAL of thirty-odd miners in Harlan, Kentucky, resulting from one of the bitterest labor struggles in recent American history has suddenly been postponed, and a change of venue ordered to Montgomery County, a hundred miles away. Court officials have tried to make it appear that the change of venue was granted at the request of the defense that another trial judge be appointed, because of the manifest prejudice of Circuit Judge D. C. Jones and his business connections with the mine owners. In reality it is clear that the prosecution itself desires to get away from Harlan, where martial law now prevails, and where a large part of the community from which jurors must be drawn is openly sympathetic to the strikers.

Harlan has witnessed an astonishing series of acts of violence since the miners struck last February against a 10-percent reduction in their wages. More than a hundred strikers and strike sympathizers are facing trial, about a third being charged with murder and the rest with "conspiracy" and "criminal syndicalism." The present trial is the sequel of an incident on May 5 at the nearby mining community of Evarts, when a group of armed guards raided and shot up the place. They were fired upon in turn from ambush, and five of their number were killed. The coal operators of the region include powerful interests, some of the mines being operated by Insull and Mellon subsidiaries, and stand strongly behind the local authorities in the demand that the coal miners be punished.

In the meantime, Harlan resembles a scene of war. Fleets of automobiles parade the community, filled with guards and deputies armed with shotguns, machine guns and tear-gas bombs. Civil rights have been trampled on, arrests made on the flimsiest grounds and houses broken into without warrant. There is good ground for the belief that gunmen from Chicago have been brought in and made deputy sheriffs. Union leaders have been slugged, arrested, or persecuted until driven into hiding. Two ministers, the Reverend Jason Alford and the Reverend Allen Keedy, were arrested on the dreadful charge of having solicited aid for the hungry strikers, and their homes were searched for evidence of "criminal syndicalism." Dynamite has been used against strikers; an automobile laden with relief supplies was blown up, and so was a soup kitchen which had been feeding 400 persons a day. As recently as August 30, a deputy sheriff shot three miners, killing one and wounding the others, one of whom is likely to die.

A remarkable aspect of the situation has been the ruthless mistreatment of newspaper correspondents. Bruce Crawford, editor of Crawford's Weekly of Norton, Virginia, was fired upon, and wounded in the legs, because he showed sympathy with the starving and desperate miners. Boris Israels of The Federated Press was also shot, and forcibly

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deported from the region. Kirby Page described in The New Republic of September 2 the case of Arnold Johnson, a young divinity student, who went to Harlan as an observer for the American Civil Liberties Union. He was arrested on the trumped-up charge of "criminal syndicalism," the evidence against him being that he had in his possession publications of the A. C. L. U., the League for Industrial Democracy and similar organizations.

In support of the charge that Judge Jones is prejudiced, it is stated that he condemned the striking unions as "lawless" and that he told prospective jurors "if they hadn't enough backbone to enforce the law, he would get someone who would." The prosecuting attorney declared, "We've got to put the chill of cold steel down the necks of the criminal element of this county"—meaning the strikers.

The defense committee which is aiding the men about to go on trial is trying to arouse nation-wide interest in the case, believing that otherwise, and no matter where the trial is held in Kentucky, there will be a repetition of labor frame-ups of the past, this time on a gigantic scale. The American Civil Liberties Union has applied to Governor Sampson to interfere, end "the state of armed siege" and restore the due processes of law. The Governor, however, has shown no signs of sympathy for the strikers. Terror continues to flourish in Harlan County, in the comfortable obscurity provided by a virtual censorship on news. The attention of our whole press should be drawn to the special situation created by the shooting and intimidation of reporters. The sporting blood of our newspapers—if they have any left—should accept this challenge. The first step toward normal conditions in Harlan would be the publication of full and accurate reports from this new battlefield.

Stricken China

NEWSPAPER readers a few days ago saw a curious phenomenon: they saw the violent death of approximately a quarter of a million people recorded about as casually as though it were some stereotyped event like a denunciation of Senator Nye by Bishop Cannon, or an announcement of prohibition's failure by Major Curran. No doubt the news editors were correct in their judgment, for the quarter of a million persons died in China: and China has in recent years so tired us out by successive catastrophes on a huge scale that the calamities of her people hardly come any more under the heading of human misfortunes which evoke a humanitarian response.

This latest Chinese tragedy centers in the Yangtse Kiang Valley, and is the result, first of unexampled floods and then of a typhoon. How many are dead no one knows and no one ever will, but the estimates of those killed in the past few weeks range upward from 450,000. Among those who are still alive, many thousands more are sure to perish of starvation or pestilence. The government is doing what it can, which is next to nothing; its resources are infinitesimal compared to the need. It is talking hopefully of buying 15,000,000 bushels of America's surplus wheat on long-term credits to feed the survivors; but Uncle Sam, while he would like to be rid of his wheat, won't part with it until he sees some guarantee that he will finally be paid; and China, all but beggared by the fall in silver, and exhausted by incessant internal war, can offer little security. Meanwhile, "six or seven million" people are homeless among the flood sufferers, and many of them cannot even set about the physical task of rehousing themselves for another month, when the waters will have receded.

To what extent is human effort, or want of it, responsible for this disaster? Some geographers believe that generations of faulty agriculture have made floods more likely and more severe in the Yangtse Valley, by destroying vegetation which would have served to impede the rapid collection of the water. It is doubtless also true that during the long period of civil war the dykes have been badly neglected. The Nationalist government charges that Communist soldiers have recently been blowing up the dykes. This may or may not be the case, but in any event could not be more than a minor contributory cause of the disaster.

The real blame must again be placed on China's terrible burden of overpopulation. The flood would be a catastrophe under any circumstances; but it is rendered fifty times worse by the swarming hordes of people, clinging desperately to the margin of life even when all goes well, and promptly dying by regiments whenever things go wrong. A benevolent deity looking over the world with an eye to emergency repairs would certainly cut the population of China in two and keep it down to the new level. The Chinese could do the same thing in two generations by birth control, and perhaps some day they will. But for the present, they must continue to perish by the hundred thousand or the million, and bored American newspaper readers will continue to glance at the record, yawn and turn over to the baseball scores.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Ten Million Unemployed?

DURING the past two years the opinion has been freely expressed by business leaders and administration officials that the workers have never before fared so well in a depression. With the third winter of industrial unpleasantness soon upon us, the statement no longer sounds so plausible as it did six months or a year ago. Each month adds additional numbers to the unemployed, while wage cuts become more numerous and more drastic. Granted that President Hoover's well publicized efforts to maintain wages were helpful in the early part of 1930, the situation is very different today. For, when the industrial leaders pledged their support of the President's policy, they were given to understand that a revival of prosperity would be in hand within the next thirty or sixty or ninety days. Now, facing their third winter of drastically reduced operations, they can hardly be expected to stand by a pledge made with much happier prospects in mind.

But wage rates, even if maintained 100 percent, are not so significant as they might seem at first glance. They mean less than nothing to the millions of unemployed—aside from the highly theoretical consideration of income which they are not getting; and they have meaning to those still holding jobs only to the extent that they actually work. For part-time employment reduces a worker's income just as effectively as do lower wages. Although the administration has not as yet taken notice of this rather important distinction (at least in public), its Department of Labor has spoken eloquently. It has reported a drop of 41 percent in manufacturing pay rolls since 1929, while its employment index declined only 28 percent.

To ascertain the full effect on the workers of these various factors—particularly the decline in employment—is, of course, a highly important consideration, if for no other reason than that adequate relief can be planned and provided only if we know the full extent of the burden imposed on workers by the depression. From the information usually available, however, it has not been possible to know much more than the general trend. The index of employment in manufacturing, for example, declined 21 percent from April, 1930, to July, 1931. But translating this decline into the actual number of workers discharged has depended, more or less, on a guess as to how many employees were working in manufacturing in April, 1930. The indications are that these guesses have erred, as a general rule, on the side of conservatism.

It is for this reason that the complete summary of the 1930 census recently made public is especially valuable. For the first time in recent years it provides full data on the number of workers gainfully employed in each of the important occupational groups—manufacturing, trade, transportation, mining, construction, and so on. By having this actual bench-mark for the workers in each important group, as of April, 1930, it is possible to compute the number who have lost their jobs in the last fifteen months—provided we know the percentage decline in employment in each group. Doing this for the more significant classifications yields some interesting results.

For manufacturing, the Bureau of Labor Statistics' index of employment declined from 89.1 in April, 1930, to 70.4 in July of this year—a drop of 21 percent. Since the census reported 11,500,000 as gainfully employed at the time, it is inferred that 21 percent of these, or 2,415,000, lost their jobs during the succeeding sixteen months. By applying the same procedure to the various types of mining, there is indicated in the same period a decline for the group as a whole of about 270,000 workers. In transportation, the July index for steam railroads has not yet been published, but on the basis of I. C. C. reports up to April there is indicated a drop of about 250,000 in the number employed. For street railroads the index has dropped 10 percent, indicating the discharge of 19,600. In the telephone and telegraph group, employment is off 12.4 percent; this percentage, on the 578,000 reported as gainful workers in April a year ago, means 71,700. In the trade group, the Department of Labor reports two indices, one showing a decline of 10.8 percent in wholesale trade, the other a decline of 14.5 percent in the retail division. Of the 5,350,000 reported by the census employed in wholesale and retail trade combined it is indicated that approximately 750,000 have been dropped. In hotels and restaurants there was a 6.8 percent drop in employment, or 91,900 fewer jobs.

From the indices on construction contracts let, as computed both by the Federal Reserve and The Engineering News Record, it seems reasonable to assume that there has been a decline in construction volume between April, 1930, and this July of at least 25 percent. Taking this as an indicator of what has happened to the 3,015,000 reported as gainful workers in the construction field, about 754,000 have lost their jobs. The eight groups which have been considered so far had a total of 24,732,000 gainful workers at the time of the census, or roughly half of the 48,833,000 workers reported as gainfully employed. Yet the decrease in employment in this half alone, as computed above, totals to more than 4,600,000, as follows:

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	Gainful Workers, April, 1930	Number of Jobs Lost to July, 1931
Manufacturing	11,500,000	2,415,000
Mining	1,158,000	270,000
Steam Railroads	1,583,000	250,000
Electric Railroads	196,000	19,600
Telephone and Telegraph	578,000	71,700
Wholesale and Retail Trade	5,350,000	750,000
Hotels and Restaurants	1,352,000	91,900
Construction	3,015,000	754,000
Total	24,732,000	4,622,200

Adding the total number of jobs lost to July, 1931, to the number reported unemployed at the time of the census—3,188,000—gives a total of over 7,800,000 unemployed at the present time, a figure which assumes two things: first, that those who have lost their jobs have not found employment in other fields such as bootlegging and racketeering, for which indices are not available, and second, that no change whatever has occurred in the employment situation among the 24,000,000 workers not included in the preceding groups.

The bootleggers we shall permit to shift for themselves. But looking at the other 24,000,000, the observation seems warranted that they were not entirely immune to the downward trend in employment. The principal occupational groups were the following:

	Gainful Workers, April, 1930
Professional Service	3,425,000
Domestic and Personal Service	3,459,000
Automobile Agencies and Repair Shops	1,187,000
Banking and Brokerage	625,000
Insurance and Real Estate	798,000
Public Service (not elsewhere classified)	1,058,000
Transportation and Communications (not elsewhere classified)	919,000
Industry not specified	1,333,000
Farm laborers, wage and hired workers	3,287,000
Farmers, owners, tenants and unpaid family workers	7,194,000

Indices on the trend of employment for these groups are not available, but it is obvious that the first five groups, representing about 9,500,000 workers, have been particularly vulnerable. A decline of only 10 percent—which is approximately half the decline registered in the preceding 24,000,000—would displace about 950,000. If the decline in these groups were as great as that found in the classifications for which indices were available, the gainful workers to lose their jobs between April, 1930, and this July would be closer to 1,750,000. If the class listed as public service by the census is comparable to the group for which the Bureau of Labor Statistics reports its "power, light and water" index, there has been a decline here of about 5 percent, or about 50,000 workers.

There remain approximately five and a half million workers (excluding the 7,000,000 farm owners and tenants) for whom no estimate has been made. Here again, if the decline in employment has been only 10 percent, there would be an additional half million out of work, while if the decline were as severe as that established in the groups of the preceding 24,000,000, the amount would approach 1,000,000. Thus, in this second group of occupations it is indicated, on the basis of the lower estimates, that approximately a million and half workers have been dismissed; if the higher estimates are taken, the total is two and three-quarter millions.

For the complete picture of what has happened to the workers—showing how many have lost their jobs since April, 1930, together with the number who were already idle at that time—the following recapitulation is offered:

	Minimum Estimate	Maximum Estimate
Jobs lost since April, 1930:		
Group I	4,622,000	4,622,000
Group II	1,500,000	2,750,000
Total	6,122,000	7,372,000
Jobless in April, 1930	3,188,000	3,188,000
Total	9,310,000	10,560,000

No claim is made, of course, that either the figure of 9,310,000 or that of 10,560,000 represents the exact number of workers who are actually unemployed today. For there is no way of measuring the real number exactly, except by another census—and even that may be found to have its uncertainties. No doubt the estimates here submitted are subject to the vagaries of statistics. Perhaps the various indices of the Bureau of Labor Statistics do not hold true for their occupational classifications as a whole, and possibly the census tabulations do not mean quite what they seem to say. Despite these reservations, however, and others which come to mind, it is believed that the foregoing analysis, taking the available information at its face value, discloses more completely than has hitherto been possible the real dimensions of the unemployment problem.

W. P. MANGOLD.

Poem to Be Mingled with a Later Glacier

Crystal annihilation, glittering spars
Of frozen ancient foam,
Receive me equally with stones and stars!
I have come home.

Long, long ago, within a place as cold
I was conceived, and grew:
A heart grown winter, when the mind foretold
Darkness, and you.

I am content. Against my seventh line
A shattered star is pressed;
A crown, a trident with a broken tine
Prod at my rest,

And delicate small bones that once could flower
In dreams. But to this end
My strength was fashioned in that distant hour.
Receive me, friend!

DOROTHY E. REID.

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Bread Without Circuses

The British "Dole" in Operation

The fall of the Labor government in Great Britain, an event in which the unemployment-insurance system played such an important part, makes particularly timely this study of the actual workings of the "dole." A second article by Miss La Follette, giving additional facts about the English situation, will be published in the near future. —THE EDITORS.

THE BRITISH workingman, said a government official to me the other day, "is a highly privileged individual. For him, and for him alone, there is a state insurance against unemployment. For him, and for him alone, there is state insurance against illness. For him, and for him alone, there is a state system of Widows' and Orphans' and Old Age Pensions. He need fear neither starvation, nor illness, nor superannuation. And he pays no direct taxes."

There you have one view of the many to be heard when one asks Englishmen what they think of their government's various kinds of insurance for workers. Whether one will agree with it or not will depend, I suppose, upon one's own particular social philosophy. If one retains the traditional view that the economic system owes the worker nothing more than he can manage, by his own unaided efforts, to get out of it, one will no doubt agree that at present the British workingman is a privileged person. If, on the other hand, one believes that the economic system is unjust, one will be likely to say that what the state gives to the workers, even though it amounts to a fabulous sum per annum, is but poor compensation for what the economic system, under the state's protection, takes away. Or again, if one belongs to that school of social philosophers who believe in doing everything for the workers except to get off their backs, one may regard the social services as laudable philanthropies and piously hope that they may be improved and extended. Yet again, if one be a "gradualist" like certain members of the present British government, one may regard them as a step toward full justice for the worker—one stage in a long process which is presumably to be completed at a time when the present beneficiaries of Things as They Are shall have passed safely to their reward.

However one may regard them, there is no doubt that the workers' insurance does much to mitigate the hardships of life under an economic order which assures the fulfilment of Darby O'Gill's condition for the proper enjoyment of riches: that there shall be plenty of poor. And, in addition to insurance, there is the system of poor relief, which has been rechristened "public assistance," to save the feelings of the poor. This service is in the hands of the local authorities, and is supported out of the local rates, or taxes. In recent years the incidence of this burden has been somewhat more evenly distributed, so that the poorer districts of London, for example, are no longer forced to support a large number of destitute persons while the wealthy districts of the West End support almost none. Since, under the law, the authorities who administer this relief are obliged, if they allow relief at all, to allow enough for maintenance, the worker who for one reason or another cannot draw insurance benefits may fall back for support upon the public-assistance fund. The workers do not like this alternative, for where their insurance benefits are theirs to spend and no questions asked, poor relief involves submitting to a humiliating inquiry into their needs and supervision of their expenditures. Still, public assistance is a sort of last defense against starvation, which is no longer regarded with complacency in this country. Between the workers' insurance and public assistance, therefore, the British worker is able to count at least upon subsistence —and this in itself is something in the nature of social revolution.

The workers' insurance is "contributory." That is to say, the funds from which benefits are paid are (theoretically at least) composed of contributions from workers, employers and the state. The total contribution of the male worker to these funds is one shilling and four pence a week, or about thirty-two cents—that is, something over ten days' wages a year in the case of the low-paid worker. The unemployed worker is liable to lapse from insurance under the health and pensions legislation; and if he loses his job through his own fault or through becoming involved in a trade dispute, or if he refuses to accept "suitable employment," he may be refused benefit from the unemployment-insurance fund. The worker can hardly be said, therefore, even to get his privileges as cheaply or to be as secure in their enjoyment as are, for example, the members of the House of Lords.

It would be unjust to the owning classes of Great Britain to assume that these services are entirely benevolent. My readers will remember that Mr. Lloyd George was quoted in the American press last winter as having said that the "dole," as the Conservatives call it, had stood between England and revolution. I have heard that view expressed several times in the course of my inquiries by sober, rather conservative individuals. It was fear of rev-

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olution, they say, that caused the government to extend the insurance system after the War to all wage-earning occupations save agriculture, domestic service and those occupations covered by special schemes of insurance, and to throw the burden of the returning soldiers upon the insurance fund. And where there is fear of revolution there is the knowledge that the oppressed are becoming conscious of their power. One sees evidences in London of the spirit which forced the British government to guarantee the British worker against want —and not only on the Labor benches in the House of Commons. The old London slum has vanished. I cannot say this on the strength of my own observation, for I never saw the old London slums; I was able to judge of present conditions only by comparison with the descriptions I had read. But a friend who knew the slums of London before the War, and who was inspired by my accounts of them to go and see for herself, reported that she could not believe her eyes and that she went about asking policemen to direct her, please, to the *real* slums.

Not that conditions are ideal—far from it. One reads in the papers constant references to overcrowding, and in my Times only this morning there is a review of a book called "The Slum" by Major Harry Barnes, which bears testimony to an appalling want of adequate space and sanitation in the dwellings of the poor. The privilege of living in merely decent surroundings is by no means guaranteed to the majority of the really poor of Great Britain. And yet, in those sections of London where conditions are at their worst, whole blocks of new tenements are to be seen, built by the county councils on land wrested (at a price) by special legislation from reluctant owners; tenements set among flowers and fruit trees, which remind one of those American "garden cities" that are now and then projected for the poor and somehow always turn out to be exclusive suburbs for the well-to-do. As for the gaunt and tattered derelicts of pre-war days, they have disappeared. Instead one sees decent looking men and women and healthy looking children. Public baths enable even the dwellers in cold-water tenements to keep their persons clean; and a splendid system of public laundries where for twelve cents an hour a woman may do her family washing with every sort of labor-saving device, enables them to wear clean clothing. I also saw several excellent public libraries where the people of the district may come and select their own books from the shelves. These institutions, of course, are no part of the state services, but are provided by socialistic county councils at the expense of indignant rate-payers. I mention them, however, because it seems to me that the constant improvement that is being made in the living conditions of the poor is an important part of the movement that has created the social services, and cannot be dissociated from them.

To the American accustomed to his country's way of leaving its unemployed to rely upon their own "rugged individualism" and the charity of the breadlines, a government employment exchange in one of London's poorer districts on a Thursday or a Friday is a sight at once humiliating and pleasing. It is on Thursday and Friday that the unemployed workers receive their benefits. I went last Friday to the exchange in Shoreditch. In the men's division, before a counter running the full length of a room about one hundred and fifty feet long, there were at the time I entered some seven hundred men either making application for or receiving benefit. Here the discharged worker brings his unemployment book, a four-page card which bears his name, his occupation and stamps for each week's payment to the insurance fund that his employer has deducted from his wage. This book he leaves with the exchange, together with his application for benefit. The exchange officials may allow benefit, but they may not refuse it. If the worker's claim is doubtful it must be referred to the board of referees which is composed of a workers' representative, an employers' representative and a third person, preferably a lawyer, who acts as chairman. If the referees refuse benefit they may give the worker the right of appeal to the umpire, in the Ministry of Labor, whose decision is final. But there is in every exchange an official who reviews the applications denied by the referees, and who, if their decision seems to him unfair, may allow the claim. Or if he is doubtful he may refer it to a district official for decision.

So much for the procedure, which a friendly assistant manager explained to me most carefully, little knowing the routine-shy intelligence to which he spoke. It was the people who chiefly interested me. This exchange alone pays benefit each week to 9,000 men and 3,000 women, chiefly casual laborers—that is to say, low-paid, unskilled workers, some of them unable even to sign their names. There was no air of condescension or authority on the part of the people behind the counter. They are often people who have been on the other side. They have no feeling of superiority and their only trouble with the unemployed is in getting them out of the exchange, for they are disposed to remain and talk with one another or confide their troubles to the officials. As for the hundreds in front of the counter, in both the men's and the women's divisions, although there were a few derelict-looking ones among them for the most part they looked decently clothed and adequately fed. The comparison with the New York breadlines was not to be resisted, or with a photograph which appeared in The New York Times last winter, of a line of Arkansas farmers standing in line to receive clothing from a chit of a Red Cross worker, men whose resigned and hopeless faces left an impression not easily to be forgotten. Here were no hopeless faces; patient faces, yes, but none that bore the mark of a long struggle for existence against odds too great, as did the faces of those Arkansas farm-

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ers. Perhaps one may see that look on the faces of British farmers, or of other British citizens in languishing small business enterprises, who have no insurance to draw upon if they lose what little they have. But the specter of want no longer haunts the British wage earner, and the fear of it has vanished from his eyes.

This, then, so far as one may judge from observation and from conversations with people of all shades of opinion, is the effect of the "dole" upon the British worker. Among the many people whom I have bedeviled about this question—government officials, employers of labor, workers and politicians of all parties—I have met with complete unanimity of opinion about the value of unemployment insurance and the importance of maintaining it. The differences, and there are many, arise when it comes to the question of the nature and scope of the system and the qualifications for benefit. That the system has got out of hand is certain, and the government has been under a constant fire of criticism from both the Conservatives and the left wing of its own party. I shall deal with this aspect of the matter further in my next letter.

What I wish to stress here is that I have heard nobody in a position to know what he was talking about who mentioned that demoralization of British workers through the dole which has so often been the theme of American editors. One hears of abuses, and unquestionably they exist, but everyone admits that these abuses account only for a very small share of the staggering present cost of the scheme. The officials in the Ministry of Labor, who have an embarrassing way of keeping in touch with American newspapers and of remembering what they read, are inclined to remind one with polite amusement of the superior tone in which our editors, in the days of Permanent Prosperity, used to talk about the demoralizing effect of the dole on the British worker. And they supplement the reminder with the information that a large share of their time this summer has been given over to an unending procession of Americans—professors, journalists, yes, and even officials—asking hopefully, "How does it work?" Well, there is nothing to do but laugh with them; the joke is on us, and a rather grim joke it seems to the American who, fresh from the pitiable makeshifts of American unemployment relief, has the opportunity to compare the kind of demoralization that comes from being out of work and yet sure of food and shelter with that which comes from being out of work and utterly destitute.

London. SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE.

In Our School

DURING and since the War it became evident to most thinking people that changes in the relations of individuals to one another, and of nations to one another, must be brought about if civilized life was to survive on this planet. Traditional economic theories, traditional beliefs as to the attitude of men and women to each other and of parents to children, no longer seemed satisfactory. Yet experience of political attempts at reform shows that the prejudices of adults are almost ineradicable, and will always make progress slow and difficult, if they do not succeed in blocking progress altogether. Some such thoughts as these led my wife and myself to consider whether human development might not be served by an attempt at providing a really modern education which, instead of training young children to maintain every prejudice of traditional society, or teaching them new dogmas, should try to help them to think and work for themselves, and so fit them for meeting the problems of the changing world they will have to face when they grow up. This was what we set out to try and do in our school.

Old-fashioned education at bottom only recognized one thing as essential—that a child should learn by beating and dogmatic instruction from his elders what was his duty to his parents and society, and in most cases to his God. Concern for intelligence and health was introduced gradually by reformers, as the community became aware that it needed them, and not because they were of importance to the child himself. The modern educator begins, or should begin, with the child's chemical composition, caring for his health as if he were a young seedling, and cherishing his initiative and intelligence as his most vital possessions, which are capable of making him happy and active as an individual, and through that activity and contact with other individuals, of finding his place in the work and life of society.

Our school therefore is open to the child as soon as he can talk and walk with ease—at about two years—or as soon after that as his parents are willing to send him. From then on the child lives with his contemporaries, watched over by adults whose function is to be kind and reliable, never to tell him lies, to safeguard him from severe fright or harm, and to control his diet, hygiene and sleep with as little interference with his concentration and liberty as is humanly possible. "Rules" are made only gradually and as the children see the need for them themselves, the reasons given for such rules being always the social needs of the children rather than the dogmatism of their elders.

The technique of caring for these early years is

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delicate and obviously demands well trained and thoughtful adults, who are able to hold in check their own desire to dominate and be unduly reverenced, or to make all the children alike and inhibited by imposing an artificial standard of order or manners. The very young child is so impressionable that in these two last matters the nurse or teacher often does great harm. Behaviorist psychology informs the teacher of the importance of right "conditioning," and she proceeds to produce perfect little automata. She forgets that a set of manners and habits, even though they be scientifically introduced and the child scarcely aware of them, may be as great a prison to his personality as the old moral precepts that he had to obey but did not understand. A certain waywardness in self-expression and rollicking movements are as necessary to young children as to puppies. Too early or too rigid control takes away the spontaneous self-confidence which is the child's whole motive power. To lose that is for him to lose everything that matters. So, while we take the utmost care of our children's health, we refuse to pester them with petty ceremonies. We have been able to observe that social behavior grows in them gradually out of the needs of their daily life.

For similar reasons we allow the older children who begin to understand the need for self-discipline about hours and the choice of work, a freedom of speech which may shock the conventional but does not surprise the modern psychologist. That children should "answer back" to teachers, who are not rude to them, may seem unfair. But unless full self-government is possible, as it is not with children, suppression of free speech is as galling to the young and just as likely to produce sullen and stupid docility as it is in an adult population. Intelligence and honesty are warped if a child must always consider how the question he wants to utter will be received or whether he dare speak the thought that is in his mind. Our lack of censorship is justifying itself in the children's concern for accuracy—leading them to the study of science as well as straightforward relations with one another; and also in their advanced and artistic use of language as emotional expression. Their love of poetry is remarkable, their own poetry, plays and stories have the direct relation between feeling and language which only uncensored literature can have. It does not occur to them that anything cannot be said, or thought about, or that any question cannot ultimately be answered. To one child with an almost excessive passion for accuracy and rightness, someone said: "People's feelings are sometimes hurt if you are always telling them when they are wrong." "But I don't tell them they are wrong unless they *are* wrong," was the reply. She is a girl, but even if she were not, social life would ultimately teach enough moderating tact to live harmoniously with others. And intellectual honesty is a more valuable quality than insincere manners.

Modern children are often called heartless, and many become so because, on the one hand, their elders do not love them and try to make up by elaborate spoiling and extravagant liberty; while, on the other hand, those who love them are influenced by Freud and Watson to keep themselves withdrawn from the children so that they shall never become emotionaly entangled with adults. We find that children suffer deeply in their self-respect if they feel themselves unloved, and this makes them savage and destructive. We believe that more people are spoiled by lack of love than by excess of it. The adults here try therefore to give the children the mature companionship and undemanding affection which make them feel safe and which they cannot get from one another. Asked once (six-to-nine-years group) what they thought most important in parents and teachers, they unanimously put kindness first. Adults too readily forget the pathetic dependence of the young child.

Straightforwardness about reproduction and bodily functions helps emotional stability as well as intelligence. Even the older boys are kindly and interested in quite young babies, and the boys and girls seem to respect rather than despise each other's difference of function. Neglect of children's curiosity about the body has robbed education of a most powerful stimulus to the study of biology, diet, medicine, and even architecture and sanitation. So much is clear from these children's conversations on such matters as food, health, housing and caring for families. A chance remark often starts them on a serious study. There are no idle adults here, and no distractions but those of outdoor life.

Our older children combine work with hand and brain, and are encouraged to respect both. They do some work by "project method," and some work in "subjects," including music, two languages besides English, nature study, chemistry and handicrafts. There are no prizes, and no competition except an occasional test or class game. Their time table is posted up, and they are free to attend or not, but cannot go and annoy others if they want to be idle. We find that they come with increasing regularity and do keen work. A greater degree of compulsion, once attempted, did not produce more or better work. Our experience suggests, however, that the children would be willing to proceed to greater discipline as their minds develop. All but one are as yet under ten years.

It must be plainly stated that mere freedom to play about with the materials of the arts and sciences is not our ideal. Much exact knowledge is needed to cope with modern civilization, and can only be acquired by application. Some disciples of freedom seem to forget this, whereas the conventional educator continues to stupefy his pupils by prohibitions and then expects them to absorb complicated instruction unrelated to their desires and interests. But it is possible to find a way from children's eager curiosity, their desire for power and interest in their own life, to constantly widen-

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ing fields of study. It is possible gradually to show them how hard work and the use of the mind have been important in past history, while future history lies in their own hands. We present the past—inventions, customs and beliefs—as something for them to discuss and improve upon if they are willing to take enough trouble. We encourage them to see value in science and art and any honest work. We do not believe that free education will work with children who have been conventionally handled and overdisciplined, while those who are severely disturbed in their emotional life need a greater freedom than we provide, and will probably always be behind the more harmonious in achievement. The educator is in fact more useful in preventing harm than in doing positive good.

But we do believe that if an early start is made, the child's health cared for, emotional disturbance and loss of initiative and concentration if possible prevented, a child can educate himself as a social being by the company of his contemporaries, and as an isolated individual learn to make use under expert guidance of opportunities which suit his talents. He should remain able to think for himself even after acquiring knowledge, and may perhaps when fully grown even become an adult human being, and not, like so many of his predecessors, no more than an overgrown child. BERTRAND RUSSELL.

Paterson Goes On Strike

THE LOOMS of Paterson are again silent. Another strike has been added to the long list of labor disturbances which mark the history of the "Silk City." Ghosts of anarchist and Socialist Labor party agitators, of Chicago and Detroit I. W. W.'s, of independent unions, coming and going, hover over the singing and cheering picket lines and mass meetings.

Between 8,000 and 9,000 workers in broad silk have responded to the general strike call. This is almost three times the number affected in the Associated Silk Workers' walkout of 1928. In shops struck the dislocation of industry is perhaps greater in the present upheaval than in the big broad-silk battle of 1924.

They are striking today for that basic point for which they fought in the great strike of 1913 under the I. W. W.—the eight-hour day. Time after time Paterson has resounded with that demand, and yet in 1931 the twelve to fifteen-hour day was prevalent. Wages were almost impossible of computation by reason of irregular piece prices and irregular employment. It is safe to say that wages of the weavers averaged from $12 to $26 per week, while in the dye houses, as yet unaffected by the strike, $10 is a general weekly average. Health and sanitary codes were openly defied, with the authorities abandoning all serious effort to enforce them. Five hundred family shops, popularly known as "cockroaches," stimulated sweatshop conditions and contributed to the breakdown of all labor standards.

In the latter part of the winter of 1930, the critical character of this situation was called to the attention of the Conference for Progressive Labor Action by Carl Holderman, vice president of the American Federation of Full Fashioned Hosiery Workers and executive board member of the United Textile Workers. It was evident, upon investigation, that no effective action could be taken without some form of unity among the various labor organizations in the field. The independent Associated Silk Workers had control, in the main, of such organized weavers as there were, while the United Textile Workers maintained some organization among the more skilled crafts, loomfixers, warpers and twisters. The Communist-controlled National Textile Workers' Union had no appreciable influence and was not popular among the workers, largely because of its factional activities in the 1928 fight. Its sectarian exclusiveness, by which it will not work with any other group, further ruled it out of any united action endeavor.

Upon being approached, the local branches of the United Textile Workers expressed themselves as sympathetic to unity, but the secretary of the Associated Silk Workers opposed the idea vigorously. After a number of weeks, however, they voted in favor of the creation of a committee for united action to meet with a similar committee to be chosen by the U. T. W. Week after week of the early summer months was devoted to the meetings of these committees, which agreed that not merely formal unity but actual amalgamation was an urgent necessity. A plan was finally drawn up which provided for the creation of an autonomous national federation of silk workers affiliated with the U. T. W. on the same basis as the Full Fashioned Hosiery Workers. This plan of amalgamation was approved by the Associated Silk Workers at a membership meeting of July 17, and thereby became effective.

Important as it was in itself, the amalgamation move had only been an essential prelude to an intensive organization drive leading up to a general strike. That had been stated at the very beginning of the negotiations. Even before these were under way, a joint-action committee for organization purposes had been formed, of which A. J. Muste was chairman and the writer, executive secretary and director. The committee, composed of the representatives of the two unions, included like-

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wise such "left wing" elements as Ben Gitlow and Eli Keller, who had been active in the Passaic strike and who was now a silk loomfixer in Paterson.

Meanwhile, the National Textile Workers' Union had rushed in with a view to anticipating the amalgamated unions' strike. The original plan of the United Textile Workers and Associated Silk Workers had been to initiate a walkout on August 3. The N. T. W. U., however, announced that it would call a general strike for July 22, and in order to prevent confusion the amalgamated groups advanced their strike date to July 28. Six hundred workers responded to the N. T. W. U. call on the first day, and 3,000 came out on the twenty-eighth at the call of the amalgamated unions. By the end of the week of July 28, over 7,000 men and women were on strike in broad silk.

The big point of attack in the walkout drive was the Henry S. Doherty mill in Clifton, the largest silk plant in northern New Jersey. Ever since the 1913 strike, this company had successfully resisted every attempt to draw its workers out in succeeding shutdowns. The police officials of Clifton closed the town to any mass picket lines that might seek to "pull" the Doherty workers. Thirty to forty police guarded the Clifton-Paterson borderline against any such invasion. But on the morning of August 3 the pickets of the amalgamated unions filtered through the police lines and picketed the mill. The Doherty workers then shut down their looms and walked out, although they persisted in meeting by themselves in Plog's Grove in Clifton. This place was heavily guarded by police, who refused to allow any speakers to attend the Doherty meetings. Although invited by a committee to address these workers, I was forcibly conducted by three policemen to the automobile in which I had come and told to stay away from Clifton.

In another week the Doherty workers moved their meeting place to Paterson. After hearing representatives of the two striking groups, they voted to join the amalgamated unions. Thereupon they marched with me to the Clifton line to picket the mill. Of 750 workers, only fifteen had remained in as strikebreakers. The Clifton police met us with clubs and drove us back. Reënforced by 1,000 pickets from Paterson we insisted upon our right to enter Clifton and picket, two by two, ten paces apart. We demanded of the police that they arrest us or let us pass. For twenty minutes the police clubbed us and tore our clothing, while our picket lines maintained perfect order. Finally, they put fifteen of us under arrest, held us for hours without seeing counsel, changed the charges against us and eventually held the fourteen pickets for disorderly conduct and myself for assault and battery against a police officer!

Two days later, 2,000 pickets headed by clergymen and lawyers marched before the Doherty Mill, singing and cheering. Public sentiment had forced the police to yield, particularly since a Paterson daily had denounced them for clubbing newspaper men in the melee.

The outcome of the Paterson struggle still lies in the lap of the gods. This is a period of misery strikes, increasing in numbers and proportions, in which the workers walk out in sheer desperation. Unions must be built under severe handicaps, but the Paterson workers in becoming articulate have evidenced a militancy which contains an assurance that present reactionary wage-slashing policies will not go unanswered, and they are laying the foundations for a real functioning union.

LOUIS FRANCIS BUDENZ.

Where Al Capone Grew Up

THIRTY years ago the Williamsburg Bridge was completed from Delancey Street in the East Side, supplanting the slow, uncertain ferries. From that time on, the Brooklyn section began to lose its identity, developing surely into an expansion of the Manhattan Ghetto. At present Williamsburg is rapidly approaching its relative's elaborate reputation for gangs and gangsters.

The district as I knew it in my boyhood was still comparatively free of serious crime. On the other hand, it was neatly parceled off into areas each of which was ruled and represented as well as possible by its own gang. At this stage rough-house was mainly semi-pastime in nature, providing a kind of sporting *gradus honorum* for all red-blooded youths. But boy gangsters grew up into men, the East Side influence was strong, and hooliganism became in one generation a business colorlessly operated by many of the very individuals for whom it had been a boyhood sport.

I lived on South Second Street for fifteen years. Situated as it was, the street was in the center of hostile gangs. The Maujers from the east, the Irish from the docks at the west, the Metropolitan Avenue Italians from the north, and the Harrison Avenue gang from the south, enclosed us completely, so that any extensive expedition was really a dangerous adventure. Around Grand Street were a number of Negroes, remnants of a time when the section was chiefly inhabited by that race, but they were an unaggressive lot, shooting craps, hanging about hallways, looking out of windows and otherwise engaged in peaceful pursuits.

One winter night the Maujer Street gang came down, armed with onion-bags of stones and helmeted with milk-can covers, ready for battle. We saw them a block off, in time to marshal our gang at full strength and run for the ammunition caches we had planted in lots and yards for emergencies like this. Coke, our leader, lined the best men up in front, protected behind wash-kettle and ash-can covers for shields and supplied with little piles of rocks at the sides. As one of the younger boys, I had the menial job of picking up stones as they

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fell from the enemy and rushing them forward to my own men.

The fight began at the corner of Hooper Street and at the outset looked like an easy conquest for the Maujers. By taking us by surprise, they gave us little time to build up an effective morale for the battle. We were being pushed back steadily, some of the more timid were deserting into hallways, and the worst of it was that we were soon lacking ammunition. For the farther we retreated, the more we fell back on land that had not been visited by the Maujer hail of stones. Then Natie the Buller, a highly imaginative fellow and next in command, conferred with Coke on a plan of action. They decided to surround the Maujers.

Coke remained at the front while Natie dived down the cellar steps of the nearest house. Gradually the boys at the rear slipped down after him, one at a time to attract no notice, until about fifteen were gone. They climbed over fences, reached South Third Street through the opposite building, and marched down Hooper Street. There was a short wait until Natie had gathered all his men. Then with a concerted whoop they fell upon the back of the enemy, who suddenly found themselves attacked from both sides. With the Maujers thrown into confusion, the rest was simple. They ran off in panic, scattering into the yards and scuttling over the fences, while our men relentlessly pegged away at them until they were out of sight.

In the calm of victory, Natie's group and Coke's men walked up slowly to one another in the middle of the street. "One thing about these *goyim,*" Natie said with the triumph that greets the strong, "they never got no brains."

The Maujers were a comparatively weak crew, but particularly hated by us for a nasty trick they alone used. When one of us, usually to get to the Leonard Street library, entered their territory, they would not jump on him and give him his beating forthwith. Instead they would send out a kid of four or five who would start a fight with him. Naturally the South Seconder would hit back, only to find himself instantly surrounded by Maujers popping out of hallways. "You dirty Jew kike," their leader would say with painful deliberation, "you cheap Jew bastard, hitting a kid below your size. Well, we'll show you." Then the dozen or so defenders of true sportsmanship would proceed to show him.

The most vicious of all the gangs were easily the Italians, whether from Metropolitan Avenue or elsewhere. They were severe in their methods, seldom willing to fight with their fists or with stones, but resorting unethically to knives and guns. After all, the Irish could be said to fight almost for the fun of it; while the Jews always fought in self-defense. But the Italians went out definitely to maim or kill.

It was they who introduced from Sicily the practice of disfiguring squealers and other objectionables. For various offenses a man would be slit on one side of his face from eye to ear. This was "rat-work" and became so extensive that at one time gangsters of other races would cut their victims in this fashion to misdirect suspicion.

As for my gang, we were a pretty anemic bunch, never venturing on any attack. Coke, a recent importation from the East Side, owed his leadership chiefly to his swagger and the gaudy stories he told us of his former neighborhood. He displaced Natie the Buller, who lied so spontaneously that he hardly realized he was lying at all. The only Jewish gang of any importance was the Havermeyer Streeters, all newcomers from the East Side, skilled in gang warfare and vicious in their methods. They furnished fierce opposition to the Italians especially, and now boast, with doubtful truth, that they compelled the Italian migration to Bensonhurst and Bay Ridge. One of the Havermeyer's specialties was to smash repeatedly the windows of the Williamsburg Mission for Jews, an organization on the Bridge Plaza for converting Jews to Christianity. The worst my gang had done in this connection was to parade inside the meeting house in a snake dance, chanting:

> We'll all stand up for Jesus,
> We'll all stand up for Jesus,
> We'll all stand up for Jesus,
> For the love of Christ, sit down!

For a time we had as allies the Hooper Street gang, friendly Irish boys who, however, swiftly disbanded. Originally a reckless, fearless crowd, they found the Jewish influence too much for their morale, weakened by the complicated allegiance to the *goyim* and to us. They soon degenerated into a lot whose wildest adventure was centered about election-night celebrations, when they made huge fires built from ripped-down fences and stray wagons. These were held at the corner of Hooper and South Second Streets and were ended only by the fire engines and a detail of cops. The pavement was scarred for months afterwards. Once an entire frame house was burned. After one last wild orgy in which the whole membership became drunk on gin and kept an entire block at bay with maniacal violence, a mad time when the police themselves were completely at a loss, the Hoopers folded up quietly and disappeared as a unit.

Halloween was the most dangerous night for Jews. Just as certain days are signaled in Europe for pogroms, so Halloween meant beatings for us. Forgetting personal quarrels for the day, all the Christian gangs allied and swooped down on us, presumably to avenge their Lord's death. The only safe place for us was in our homes. The *goyim* came down, like barbarians sacking Rome, swinging stockings the ends of which were packed with rocks.

On only one occasion did we do anything to upset them. As Halloween approached one year, Natie schemed in the wealth of his imagination

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for a way to hit back. He decided at first to form an alliance with the Havermeyers, and Coke, who had a cousin in that gang, was delegated to bring them over. He came back with a fellow called Ikey the Kikey, who told us that they were having troubles of their own and besides wouldn't have anything to do with a cheap outfit like ours. But he left an outline of battle which had been used extensively on the East Side.

We gathered milk bottles for a week and cached them on roofs. When the *goyim* swooped down, joyously expecting smooth victories, the bottles fell on their heads from the sky like rain.

Certain corners in Williamsburg retained their popularity as hang-outs over periods of fifteen and twenty years and sometimes even longer, the legacy being handed down from one generation of bad eggs to another. A corner was set on its way to fame usually because in the beginning a saloon did business there. Such was Broadway and Flushing Avenue, toughest and most historic. For this was the stamping ground of Al Capone as a youth. Strangely enough, in those days Capone was hardly the typical bad man in the formative stage. He is remembered as something of a nonentity, affable, soft of speech and even mediocre in everything but dancing. Capone, always a well dressed individual, was like many other Italians an excellent dancer. He frequented a hall called the Broadway Casino, now elegantly redecorated and renamed the Lorraine. All in all, when this Brooklyn boy made good in the world, the surprise was general among his old friends and acquaintances.

The vicinity of Broadway and Flushing is still a pretty bad spot. Tipsters, bookies, coke peddlers among others, the scum of the bigger business men, have claimed the place, and the report is that murder is for sale here at fifty to one hundred dollars the head. The gang is now led by a "lunger," a tuberculosis victim.

There were and are many other corners varying in reputation, some the headquarters of younger hoodlums, interested mainly in rough-house; others, the meeting places of the more dangerous older fellows, many of them addicted to drugs. Outstanding were the corners on Myrtle Avenue, under the El, which have given the country such public figures as Peg-Leg Lonergan and Wild Bill Lovett, the latter recently electrocuted.

At this time, of course, I came into direct contact only with the younger gangs of boys more or less like my own. Their operations were confined chiefly to petty stealing and raids into the Jew streets, down which they rushed upsetting pushcarts, grocers' bread bins and milk cans, breaking windows and pulling old men's beards. A favorite sport was to smash the big arc lights in front of the old Colonial Theatre on South Third and Hooper Streets. On Jewish holidays they gathered about synagogues to molest old Jews. Aided by some of the older men of the congregation, my gang usually went out to the defense with varying effectiveness.

While the greater number of these young gangsters passed on to become good citizens, many turned into genuinely bad characters. A whole gang rarely developed with time into a definitely criminal group as a unit, but individual youths were able to use their boy gangs as a training school from which they were graduated at seventeen and eighteen into more adult activities. Most of us dropped off to enter business or the higher schools. A tougher nucleus remained. They began with habitual truancy from grade schools, craps, girls, thieving, extended their associations to more experienced hands, and now they are completing their records in jails, in gangs, in rackets and in graves, prosperous and poor, famous and unsung.

DANIEL FUCHS.

Nose Bleed

SEAMI MOTOKIYO writing in 1363 observed that children introduced on the stage are likely to falsify the artistic effect and to confuse the dramatic issue. This was in far-away Japan and far off in time, but it bears somehow on our present situation concerning the gangsters. There have been gang shootings, robberies of wedding parties, racketeering murders, for some time now, these last two years especially. But lining people up against walls, picking off pedestrians, killing bystanders in speakeasies, such matters as these were not impressive enough, nor were the several billions stated to be the sum that racketeering cost the country every year. Little children had to be introduced into the scene; and, as if in a play, an emotion had to begin that was, if you like, a genuine emotion but one with only a minor bearing on the main issue, on the plot and problem, that is, of the drama we are forced to attend. The result, nevertheless, may have merit. Stirring things up to tell the public what it already knows and to tell the state and city administrations what they have known very well for a long time, has at least a degree of excitable value. It makes a certain amount of publicity and public entertainment involving a good cause.

I had been saying this to C——, under the disapproving glance in those eyes so accustomed to the diversions of a great city full of events and lively wrongs and rights. The occasion for my remarks was his stopping by for a cocktail, and in the course of our talk suddenly sitting up with animation and telling me that he was going that night to the meeting at Madison Square Garden, where there was to be a rally against the gangsters and the crime that reigns in our midst.

C—— has many friends, though none of them has ever told me just what his business is; they call it some business connection, which is all they know of it very likely; and you see him at our New York dances and parties now and again, where no-

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body is very clear as to whether one has been off to Europe, or in town all the while, or when we shall all meet again. In sum, he is a good floating New Yorker, full of it, quoting smart magazines and reviews, taking New York quite seriously, bobbing up and down with its sensations and fads, its gliding indignations and all its lively brokerage of theories and movements. After his days, which are doubtless very busy and occupied, C—— spends his evenings at dinner parties or beside the hearthstone of speakeasies or at the newest night clubs perhaps, or some successful play. His call on me was merely incidental, of course; in New York he is naturally always on his way somewhere else.

If C—— had been struck with horror at my bringing Japanese classics into the mention of these gangsters thus so suddenly grown conspicuous to him, he seemed equally rebellious against my next observation, which like our gangs and politicians must surely be a platitude. I merely said how ridiculous it was the way in which we flounder and flourish around about conclusions; I was really pointing out that the simple sagacity in most of us, plus a willingness to let it act, will usually tell us what the truth is and what is the right thing. Colonel House's great gifts, for example, during the months after the World War, consisted basically of a certain sagacity—if only his advice had been taken oftener!—a freedom and will to see the whole business as you would a village row, the same passions raging, the same right elements involved and clear to any villager who would let himself see it without claims, aims and wants that get in the way. I said to C—— how far disinterestedness and instinct could go, plus a little honest mental housekeeping.

At this, seeing that my visitor had no intention of indulging in the obvious, I spoke of what everybody knows: that the source of the crisis is our city administration, so rich in solid financial connections with bootlegging; and that from these springs of bribery, crime and manipulation he and I drink, were at that moment drinking. We all may like to roar, boil or denounce, anything except attack the chief cause. Not that he is the chief cause, but we may pause also to reflect, I said, on the brightest flower of this pretty political dunghill, and on how even such a newspaper as The Times features him, the mayor, the honorable James J. Walker, his face, his clothes, his travels, lively contacts and comments on the world, turning him thus into such news and diversion for us, while his reputation is and has been so long unsavory, and his gambols abroad confirm the present choice European opinion of America. And what of all those birds that C—— himself has often told me of, whom he has seen in speakeasies? And what, for instance, of the block's policeman coming in for his drink, or the friend of C——'s who whenever his stock runs short has only to inform a friend on the force, who promptly raids some place to the extent of a taxi load, which he brings around, or the young woman in a picture hat, screeching tipsily in the corner drug store, slashing about, too, with her fists, until the salesman got her pushed into a backroom, while the policeman stopped outside a moment with the onlookers, smiling; the backroom he knew very well, it was where he stopped regularly for a drink. But I was ashamed of myself, two grown men wasting time with such tales, any goose would know a hundred such.

Still, according to C——, we were going to see what would happen now. Look at the people, he said, who were going to the great meeting that night, what a crowd!

What a crowd, if you like, and if you find New York impressive in that way. There are people enough for everything. If you went to the south end of the park and dug a hole and put your foot in it, you would have in half an hour a very promising crowd. At least no prominent people, C—— said, and nothing official about it. No, I granted him, nothing official about it. As to what prominence in New York is we had better not get into that.

Just the same, C—— said.

Just the same; and what would happen at the citizens' meeting that night would in its final result be at least a little frightening, useful and newsy; though we must hope for the best and not let doubts deter our actions, of course. Someone would say that the situation is grave, with embellishments worded after the congressional style; surely the administration must have power to correct, et cetera; we shall tolerate no more delay, gangsters and so forth must pass, we must have no more cowardice or corruption in the law, et cetera, all said sincerely enough. After which there should in the nature of events arise some police commissioner; he would lay everything on prohibition, the people's will and the sale of firearms; the speaker in this case would very likely be Irish enough to put it warmly, promising the American nation the aid of the police, who are out in battle order, criminals shall be swept away, this in a tone that might imply that the millions of Xerxes had come into little Attica; embattled, the order has gone forth! Governors and ex-Governors might send messages, letters—they would hardly be present—and their rich-hued words and sentiments will remind us of time-honored saviors of the republic, with allusions to the citizen's responsibility, every man's right to happiness, government by, for and of the people. Let us, therefore, resolve—and so on.

The merest schoolboy, watching his adored gangster hero in the movie, knows what wind is in all this. The clerk listening to restaurant talk knows that our great governing leaders either would not risk politically bucking this state of things or would despair of being able to do anything against such strong odds. The little Sicilian iceman, hearing the implication of the foreign element and crime—despite the recent statistics as to the native born, who comprise so large a part of the present crimi-

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nals—and noting the implication of the Italians' blame in it all, thinks in his heart that a little of the present Italian governing, imported from Rome, could stop most of it in a month. The tabloid reporter, listening to the speeches, knows that the police, as well as he, could go straight to the addresses, hangouts and beer saloons where the great gangsters are to be found, if they really wanted to.

Perhaps children are right about us when they think we do in a roundabout and drawling way what would almost do itself. Nevertheless, such a meeting would be, I knew as I listened to C—— talking, a grave and just way to approach exciting, grave matters, somewhat as a newspaper editorial may be wisely put that says in the midst of overwhelming commotion, "The condition is serious and worthy of legislative attention"; we must not forget we are grown people now, and what is cricket. The bums apprehended and questioned at the subway turnstiles would feel the law's arm, though they lack prestige in gangdom and wish only a few more of those cup-of-coffee dimes for a mug of beer. And like romance at a wedding, whatever else may follow in after years, the tone of the meeting would, for the time at least, leave people glowing and pink.

At any rate, good or bad, the results of the big meeting would not weigh forever on C——'s thoughts and mental appetite, I seemed to feel ungenerously sure of that. After such a protest matters may mend or may drop out of the news, which doubtless comes to the same thing in the end; and he will be thinking about something else. We moved on to other topics and presently C—— went off to his engagement.

It was later in the same day, around ten in the evening, when, coming out of the Paramount, I ran into, on Forty-third Street, a little west of the square, a noticeable crowd. People pressed each other forward or sideways, pushed, stretched their necks, turned to each other asking what it was. The motion of the crowd seemed to be toward a taxi that stood, among other taxis, at the edge of the pavement. I stopped to see what it was all about, but got very little nearer. After a moment, however, I was surprised to bump into C——, who was nudging his way from out the press. I exclaimed at meeting him there and all that, and asked what had happened. He had dined rather later than he meant, C—— said, and coming along here, to go to Madison Square Garden, he had found this excitement. He had made his way to the pavement edge at last, where he could see. And what was it? I asked. A man had a bleeding at the nose, he said; there was a girl with him, who was looking at him worried while he held his handkerchief up.

If there had been more room there in that Times Square district, and if that bloody nose had, as they say around the oil fields, come in a gusher, there would have been in New York that night another handsome crowd.

STARK YOUNG.

Washington Notes

Stuffed Shirts—The Astute Postmaster General—Wet Leaders and Dry Platforms—The Future Campaign

THERE has been this summer so much discussion about international affairs and economic issues, so much to say about agriculture, prohibition and power, unemployment, the "dole," the deficit and taxation, that the newspapers not infrequently have had almost a presidential-campaign tinge and one easily might think at times that the election was to come this November instead of a year from then. It has been an unusual political condition caused largely, I believe, by the lack of prosperity and the quickening of political interest which always accompanies that state. To a considerable extent it has obscured what has really been going on among the practical politicians of the dominant party. By practical politicians I do not mean the vocal boys of the Fess stripe, who are used by the publicity bureaus as mouthpieces and whose names appear attached to interviews and statements on almost every variety of public question. The class I mean includes the real managers, the campaign strategists and administration political agents and advisers, of whom I might say, despite his conspicuous party position, Senator Fess is not one. Senator Fess is what is popularly known as window dressing and not, in my opinion, such very fine window dressing at that.

The real politics of the administration is played by an entirely different type of fellow—men whose activities rarely make news and whose talking is not done in the newspapers. Chief among them, as I have pointed out more than once, is that astute and seasoned person, Mr. Walter Franklin Brown, one of our most unostentatious and, at the same time, one of our most political Postmaster Generals. The more I see of Mr. Brown and reflect upon what he has done politically—and is doing—for the administration, the more credit I am disposed to give him.

It has been the custom in the past for the Postmaster General to be the prime politician and patronage dispenser of the administration. The names of Hays, Hitchcock and Burleson will at once occur as examples. It is the one Cabinet place which better than any other lends itself to politics, and nearly every President has named his Postmaster General with politics in view. The point I wish to make about Mr. Brown is that he is just as political as any Postmaster General we ever had. He is the real political power in the administration, and its real patronage dispenser. Yet he has been able somehow to avoid having these facts publicly proclaimed in such manner as to cramp his style and minimize his effectiveness. One reason for this, I think, is that Mr. Brown, unlike several of his predecessors, has no itch for personal publicity.

He is a skilled and canny player of the political game, and despite the fact that he is not a member of the Old Guard, he talks their language and has their confidence. Though for years he was a factor in Ohio politics, he was never allied with the Harding-Daugherty gang. He went with the Roosevelt progressives in 1912, but he has always kept

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himself in a position to be reckoned with. The fact that Mr. Brown shuns rather than courts newspaper notice of his political prowess, and is disposed to hide his political light under a bushel, deploring the effort to make him out a power and denying that he is, has strengthened him with the hard-boiled fellows who will control delegates in the several states. He is the one man in the whole administration with whom they can talk politics and patronage in a wholly satisfactory manner. And they need no newspaper stories to convince them of Mr. Brown's political position. They know perfectly well it was he who made Fess chairman and that it is he who is the real directing force behind the committee. Mr. Benjamin is close personally to the President and is being exceedingly useful to him politically. I do not want to detract from his prestige or position, but he has neither the scope nor the wide personal contacts of the unostentatious and engaging Mr. Brown. The closer we come to the campaign, the more clearly the hand of Mr. Brown will be seen by those who care to look beneath the surface, though I doubt whether at any time the general public will be aware of the extent of his participation. His whole game is not to get out in front, and I do not believe that either the eager correspondents or the Democratic publicity agents will be successful in focusing the light on him for more than a few passing moments.

Yet my belief is that the administration pre-convention strategy is more completely in Mr. Brown's hands now than at any other time, and that while the "Chief" will make all the really vital decisions himself, he will decide largely on Mr. Brown's recommendation. For instance, I think that in such matters as the temporary and permanent chairmen of the convention, the selection of the nominating speech maker and the candidate for Vice President, Brown's influence will be stronger than any other.

On everything except the platform Brown's voice will come pretty close to being the determining one. As to the platform, the interesting thing is that Mr. Brown, concededly the closest political adviser to the President, is entirely out of harmony with him so far as the most controversial and interesting issue of the campaign is concerned, to wit, prohibition. Mr. Brown is a Wet and, unless I am badly informed, believes the best Republican policy would be to cut loose from the Dry side and appeal to the growing Wet sentiment in the important states with the largest electoral vote. It is Mr. Brown's view, I am told, that this is the best way for the Republican party to get the support of the younger generation of voters, who are enrolling by the hundreds of thousands each year and are overwhelmingly Wet. The result of the election in his own state of Ohio last year, it is said, confirmed Mr. Brown in this view.

He has not publicly proclaimed any such opinions and I think he will not, but that he entertains them is interesting because of the accepted fact that the candidate for whose reëlection he is laboring does not share these views. On the contrary, no one doubts that Mr. Hoover will run again as a Dry and that the Republican platform will declare for the continued enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment. What makes this interesting is that so wide a difference of attitude between the Republican presidential candidate and his chief political agent and adviser on so important an issue simply makes no difference at all. I cite it merely to show how absurdly small a part principles, policies and issues cut in the lives of our practical politicians.

The support of Mr. Hoover as a Dry by Mr. Brown as a Wet is inconsistent, illogical and altogether without reason. Yet so accustomed are we to regularity that the idea of Mr. Brown's splitting with Mr. Hoover over this question is ridiculous. Regularity in these political matters is so recognized a thing that the public and the press have no sense of humor in dealing with them. In the Republican party, leading and vociferous Wets, who regard the repeal of prohibition as our most vital need, will support the Dry Hoover, just as the most ardent Democratic Drys in the South will enthusiastically endorse the Wet Roosevelt or whomever their party nominates next year.

It is a pathetic rather than funny state of affairs, which ought to depress those who stop to think about it. These, however, will be very few—and that in itself is depressing. But to return to Mr. Brown, whether he is Wet, as his friends tell me, or Dry, he is an efficient politician and has rendered signal service. I do not think anyone quite appreciates the smoothness with which he straightened out the Republican tangles in the South, pacified the ruffled national committeemen whom Mr. Hoover so boldly read out of the party two and a half years ago, and landed the delegates from practically all of them in the administration bag nearly a year ahead of the convention. Not even the devoted Bascom Slemp himself could have done better. Personally, I don't think he could do nearly so well. I always did regard the power of Bascom to deliver the South as more or less fanciful.

Washington. T. R. B.

"Street Scene"

KING VIDOR'S movie version of "Street Scene" is but a slice of life, depending little upon intrigue and much upon character portraiture: hence pretty serious fare for the cinema public. From the opening flash, as the cinema sweeps over the New York horizon, to the accompanying strains of "East Side, West Side," and settles upon the particular corner of the city slums in which Elmer Rice's tragedy is enacted, one feels the sure grip of the director developing his theme without waste motion or faltering. He lifts the talking picture a little toward the level of our serious American dramatic productions, such as they are, and leaves it there as if with a great question mark.

It is a painting of a moment of gregarious, urban life, passed on the front steps of a tenament. The little crowd of Irish, Italian, Swedish and Jewish characters are but a cross-section of the greater crowd that swims about them. Their loves and hates flourish publicly in the street, deeply stamped by their common situation in the lower stratum of society. The story of Anna Maurrant—who wishes "to get something out of life"—and her milk-collector paramour is set against the purer passion of her daughter Rose for the earnest young Sam Kaplan. Figures out of the lower depths, working women, taxi drivers, street urchins, prostitutes, realistically treated, circulate about these principals, and become a gossiping chorus which gives warning,

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emphasis or commentary upon the progress of disaster. The return of Maurrant, the jealous husband, to spy upon his wife, brings the foreseen crime of passion, which is given in episodes of brilliant and rapid movement. As poor Rose Maurrant comes home, calamity bursts upon her with the sound of the white ambulance's siren, in the madly curious, upturned faces of the crowd which soon blackens the street scene; it howls at her, only a few moments later, from the front pages of tabloids thrust at her pitilessly.

For the climax of the play, Mr. Vidor develops his best technical effects. The camera, like a marvelous eye, darting from one expressive face to another, focuses all interest with the utmost intensity upon the single point of action. Here the skillfully manipulated camera contributes effects of compelling visual suggestion, peculiar to the motion picture at its best. In King Vidor's silent pictures such as "The Big Parade," and especially "The Crowd," we have previously seen the American film at very nearly its best. However, in his experiment with the talkies, it seems to me, he has tried, to his own disadvantage, to be extremely faithful to the play. He has sought a high degree of realism. But more than ever, the success of the total effect depends upon the voice, while the visual qualities play a much smaller role than in the past. Thus, if the limitations of the sound machines still cause actors to talk too loudly, grow too broadly comic, the artistic intention is partly defeated. Moreover, the director has stuck to the play to the extent of leaving us with a sense of confinement from which the motion picture seemed free. The camera is almost always fixed upon the one street scene, the one façade; save for brief flights, it no longer roams about with abandon, as if it can see all around objects.

Mr. Vidor's tactics are of interest because he is still one of the most talented of movie directors. His notion of how to deal with the form of the talking picture, in its present phase, is plainly to accept all the limitations of the stage. The talkies thus become but the imitation, in monochrome and mechanized sound, of the living theatre, and therefore are found greatly wanting.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON.

A COMMUNICATION

Mrs. Grady Sees Red

SIR: Among the hundreds of amateur experts on Soviet Russia, one of the most active, of late, has been a Mrs. Eve Garrette Grady. This lady has so energetically and persistently exploited every possible avenue of publicity that her views on the Soviet Union have gained considerable currency, while she herself has achieved something of a reputation as a specialist on Soviet affairs. What would have happened had Mrs. Grady been compelled to rely entirely on her merits as a writer and speaker it is hard to say, but her words suddenly gained a weight entirely extrinsic when she announced that she had been expelled from the Soviet Union for publishing a joke about Stalin in an American magazine. Anyone familiar with American publicity methods will realize at once the value of this "episode"; the obscure wife of an obscure American mining engineer had gotten under the skin of the authorities of a country upon which the eyes of the world are centered. It appeared to give the "victim" a status not merely equal to that of her "persecutors" but even superior, since she had succeeded in making them peevish by the publication of a shabby anecdote. As was to be expected, the story of Mrs. Grady's expulsion was plastered on the front pages of our press. Mrs. Grady was widely interviewed on her return to this country, and overnight she became a "Russian expert," despite the fact that the Soviet Foreign Office has more than once denied that she was ever expelled from the Soviet Union.

Mrs. Grady's book, "Seeing Red," paints a violent and distorted picture of Russian life. Everything is horrible in the Soviet Union: food, living conditions, G. P. U., censorship, transportation, morals, journalism, politics, the treatment of American engineers, Russian working methods; everything and everybody is either stupid or evil in this land of terror and hardship.

Among other things, Mrs. Grady poses as an expert on Soviet coal mining. She has asserted, for instance, that fatalities in Russian coal mines are 1,000 per million tons of coal produced. Mrs. Grady attributes this appalling situation to Russian inefficiency and to lax mining laws. Such statements naturally caused considerable comment in mining circles. Mr. James H. Pierce, vice president of Stuart, James and Cooke, an American engineering firm which has been working in the Donetz Basin for several years, has denied Mrs. Grady's statements in a recent letter to The Coal Age. Mr. Pierce declared that instead of 1,000 fatalities per million tons of coal mined, the actual number is only thirteen, as compared with 7.5 in Pennsylvania. Furthermore, if fatalities are calculated not on the basis of tonnage, but on the basis of the number of workers employed in the industry, Soviet fatalities are 22.4 per 10,000 miners as compared with 46 per 10,000 miners in the United States.

In general, Mrs. Grady's extreme views regarding conditions which American engineers face in Russia flatly contradict reports by such leading American engineers as Colonel Hugh L. Cooper, H. L. Freyn and Albert Kahn. However, what is most puzzling on the surface about Mrs. Grady's book is that its wild accusations were refuted in advance by no less an expert on Russia than Eve Garrette Grady herself.

Here indeed is a strange case of dual personality; for Mrs. Grady, just before receiving fat checks for attacking the Soviet Union in the pages of an American magazine, elsewhere published a number of articles describing Soviet conditions in the most favorable terms. Mrs. Grady wrote these favorable articles voluntarily; she was not paid for them and they presumably expressed her genuine feelings at the time. Perhaps the history of the Gradys in the Soviet Union will throw some light on this bizarre psychological case.

In January, 1930, Mr. William H. Grady, American mining engineer then employed by a Chicago firm which had a contract with the Soviet coal-mine-designing organization, went to Kharkov to work. In March he was joined by his wife, Eve Garrette Grady, by profession and inclination a publicity woman.

Three months after Mr. and Mrs. Grady arrived in Kharkov, the Soviet Coal Trust requested Grady's re-

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moval on the ground that he was unfit for the post he was occupying. Although the Gradys subsequently described the Soviet Union as a hell-hole where living conditions were unbearable for Americans, Grady exerted every effort to retain his post. He even went so far as to cable on August 31, 1930, from Kharkov to the Amtorg Trading Corporation in New York demanding that immediate steps be taken to keep him at his post and threatening that "widespread unfavorable publicity will result from my return to America at this time." Amtorg disregarded this telegram, which seemed to have about it a suspicious aroma of blackmail.

While Grady was turning heaven and earth to remain in the country which he later maligned, there appeared, on October 5, 1930, the first issue of The Moscow News, an English-language weekly published for the benefit of Americans and Englishmen residing in the Soviet Union. This issue carried a contribution by Mrs. Grady, who was not paid for acting as Kharkov correspondent and was certainly under no compulsion to write for the paper. In its issue of November 26, 1930, The Moscow News carried another signed story by Mrs. Grady. The article, written in Mrs. Grady's usual enthusiastic style, was featured on the first page with big headlines, and was an interview with M. S. Deutsch, the "dynamic new director of the Coal Trust." On January 11, 1931, The Moscow News carried on page five still another article by Mrs. Grady. This article was an attack on faked news about the Soviet Union, which had appeared in the American press. It said in part:

> Americans in Siberia, in Turkestan, in the Ukraine and in the north are sitting down and penning firmly worded epistles home stating in no uncertain terms that they WERE AND WILL CONTINUE TO BE perfectly safe during the entirety of their stay in the Soviet Union, that newspaper reports of Russian activities are usually exaggerated, and therefore not to be believed, and that, far from crumbling into dust the Soviet Union is about to become an economic menace to the whole capitalist world.

The following issue of The Moscow News (January 16, 1931) carried a signed article by Mrs. Grady describing with lyrical enthusiasm a New Year's party given by the Kharkov authorities to the foreign specialists. After going into all the details in her best high-school style, Mrs. Grady concluded: "Just a few more parties like that, just a few more goodwill offerings like that—and the foreign specialists will finish up the Five Year Plan in three years."

Some professional psychologist will have to explain what went on in Mrs. Grady's soul in the month of January, 1931, for about the time she wrote the above articles for The Moscow News she was also writing the lines, contradictory in every way, which appear in the opening pages of her book; she had first sold them to the American magazine which pays the highest prices for anti-Soviet articles. There are many American women in the Soviet Union, the wives of American engineers, who did not feel compelled to contribute, free of charge, to the columns of The Moscow News articles in praise of the Soviet system—nor to draw fat checks from American magazines for attacking the Soviet system. What is one to make, for example, of a mind so divided against itself that it is capable of the most glaring contradictions on such simple matters as food and housing? The "humble two-room and bath-kitchen menage" of Mrs. Grady's book, published this summer, was, in her article printed by The Forecast, a dietetics magazine published in New York City, in February of this year, "a swank three-room apartment in an apartment house every bit as modern in appearance and layout as any you would see in an American city." Psychologists interested in the problem of split personality, would do well to compare Mrs. Grady's article in The Forecast, where she describes food conditions in the Soviet Union, with passages in her book on the same subject.

Light on Mrs. Grady's double life as a journalist may, perhaps, be gleaned from the somewhat different literary activities of her husband. Amtorg records, which the author of this article has seen, reveal that Mr. Grady continued to cable threats to Amtorg officials. "Believe interests all parties best served," he wired on October 11, 1930, "by engaging me here on important work promptly." Amtorg replied to Grady in a cable saying that the matter of his work in the Don Basin was outside its jurisdiction, and that he would have to apply to the Soviet Coal Trust. Meantime the Soviet Coal Trust, assuming that Grady, whom the Soviet coal-mine-designing organization found unfit for his first post, might prove useful in another, engaged him for other work.

It was about this time that Mrs. Grady published her joke about Stalin, which, she claims, led to her expulsion from the Soviet Union and which certainly made her career in the United States. The joke, which Mrs. Grady claimed was Russia's way of finding relief in laughter from the hardships of the present situation, is an old chestnut, one published by William Allen White at the expense of William Howard Taft, and since told about any number of political leaders. Mrs. Grady's version is that a Jewish boy saved a man from drowning in the Black Sea. The man, grasping the hand of his savior, offered to reward him, saying: "I can give you anything you want. I am Stalin."

"If you are Stalin," the Jewish boy stammered, "why—if it's all the same to you—just don't tell anyone that it was me that saved you."

After the article containing this stale joke appeared in an American magazine, Mrs. Grady, on her own initiative, sent a letter to the Soviet Coal Trust apologizing for it. The Soviet authorities ignored the incident. She was not held up at the border, but she did, on arriving in the United States, issue interviews to the press in which she not only contradicted what she had previously written in favor of Russia, but told the story of her "expulsion"—which the Soviet Foreign Office at once branded as false.

These facts may help to explain Mrs. Grady's sudden transition from Soviet apologist to Soviet slanderer. In her book she emerges as an expert not only on shopping, food and shower baths, but on forced labor, sociology, economics and politics. She claims that her knowledge of Russian is such that most of her material was gathered from talking to the people, yet spells a simple phrase like *na zdorovye* (your health) three different ways in one

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chapter, and never once right; she pretends to have traveled widely in the Soviet Union when every American who met her in Russia knows that she was only in Moscow, Kharkov and occasionally in the coal district; she asserts that Soviet Russia's "only woman ambassador" was "recalled to Moscow and her diplomatic career ended" because of her "weakness for pretty clothes," although Kollontay's diplomatic career is by no means ended and she is still the Soviet ambassador to Sweden. In short, in compensation for a split personality which can see Soviet conditions in two diametrically opposed ways, Mrs. Grady has discovered the Red Racket, where consistency is unnecessary, and checks large and regular.

JOSEPH FREEMAN.

New York City.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Blast from Ohio

SIR: Your bilious publication gives me a pain. All you "parlor pinks" are alike. You all have the same disease, diarrhoea of words and constipation of thoughts.

If Russia is such a wonderful country to live new freedom, and America is all that is vile, whyinel don't you take yourself and your "Journal of Opinion" over there?

If I had a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow—believe me I should take the first boat over and obtain it P. D. Q.

I just wonder how long your magazine would last. You know! That is why you are here.

This may not be utopia, but it is a d—— good place to live and earn money, and in spite of The New Republic there are about one hundred million who think the same.

THO IAS PAGE.

Cleveland, Ohio.

The Strikers' Children

SIR: I have just completed a health study, for the Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief, of the children of the coal miners of the West Virginia Miners' Union. And it occurred to me that your readers would be interested in knowing the results of my examination of more than 290 children taken at random from the striking miners' families in the camps of the towns of Ward and Gallagher.

In Ward, where work has been fairly steady, the coal diggers being employed five-eighths of the working year, I found that the average weight for all the children was 12 percent below the standard and that a diet consisting of pinto beans, potatoes and sow-belly (salt pork) had resulted in lowered resistance to all types of infection, colds, middle-ear infections, tonsilitis, etc. In Gallagher, where work was not steady, conditions were far worse. There was, for example, a higher incidence of such preventable diseases as scarlet fever, diphtheria and typhoid, which have been wiped out in working-class districts in New York City so successfully that in the Bellevue-Yorkville district of New York no diphtheria cases have been reported during the last twenty-five months and almost none of typhoid fever.

The children I examined had never been given milk of any sort after they were weaned, nor had they known fresh meat or vegetables except on very rare occasions. Their only change from the diet described above was berries gathered from the woodlands near their camp.

The average family in Gallagher consists of seven persons; in Ward of nine, due to the fact that the mothers in Gallagher were younger than those in Ward. It is taken for granted that a woman should have a child every year. Every mother I questioned eagerly asked for birth-control information.

There is a direct connection between undernourishment, low wages, irregular work and indecent living conditions, as evidenced by the fact that the incidence of typhoid and dysentery is far beyond the statistics of any civilized community, due to the pollution of water supplied by the coal companies, which in Gallagher, for instance, comes from a source immediately adjacent to outhouses used by the miners.

When the mines are working, there is left an expenditure of seventy-seven cents per person a week for food and clothing for the population of Ward, and seventy-one cents for that of Gallagher. From the miners' pay, which is in the form of scrip-currency redeemable only at the company stores, there is checked by the operators two dollars a month for the pay of company doctors, who, by the way, are shunned by the coal diggers in most instances; $1.50 for hospital charges; $1 for burial expenses and a charge for powder, tools and timber used in extracting coal. The average total left for miners, after a two weeks' shift, comes to less than $25, from which the rent for living in company houses and the debt from dealing at company stores is subtracted, so that in many instances the unorganized miner finds that he is in debt to the company for from $7 to $17 as a result of his labor.

The miners in both towns have never been able to afford the luxuries of ice, proper screens and other preventives against infection, and as a result the resistance to infectious disease among the children is startlingly low, so that there is a mortality of one in every five children. Among those who survive preventable diseases are notably rife. An entire generation of the children of American citizens engaged in the production of a basic need for our civilization is being reared among conditions which inevitably lead to feebleness, degeneration and crime.

It seems to me that men and women of good will and common decency can no longer permit the continuance of such a tragic situation. They must come together to save the innocent victims of industrial maladjustment from the fate which has overtaken a great cross-section of productive workers.

One of the most direct ways of helping miners in their struggle for decent conditions is to contribute toward their relief during the present strike through the Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief at 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City, Forrest Bailey, Treasurer.

RUTH FOX, M. D.,
Researcher in Pediatrics at the
Fifth Avenue Hospital.

New York City.

From the I. L. P.

SIR: Nowhere else in the United States today is there a more promising or practical effort being made toward building an honestly radical "third" party than in the city of Philadelphia. Progressive labor unions and the Socialist party have united in nominating a full slate of candidates for the municipal elections in November which will be headed by Alexander McKeown, president of the Philadelphia branch of the American Federation of Full Fashioned Hosiery Workers (an A. F of L. affiliate).

The Independent Labor party of Philadelphia County which has been organized by the textile unions in this city as a direct result of the strike troubles here in the past three years and the political movements is sponsored by the district council of United Textile Workers' (A. F. of L.) unions in the city. Scattered local unions from other trades are now joining the new political movement. The Socialists and unionists are working together in a thoroughly coöperative spirit and no secret is made of the fact that if the Independent Labor party demonstrates that it is not a flash in the pan, the Socialist party may later merge its identity as a political party with the I. L. P.

Copies of the program and platform of the Independent Labor party can be had from its headquarters at 2530 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia. Through this new organization, composed almost entirely of energetic, young, native-born workers, readers of The New Republic would find the most fruitful opportunity for constructive activities and interesting educational work that now offers itself in this city today. Those interested may communicate with the undersigned.

JOHN W. EDELMAN,
Secretary Independent Labor Party.

Philadelphia, Pa.

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In Quest of the Way

A New Model of the Universe, by P. D. Ouspensky. Translated by R. R. Merton under the supervision of the author. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 554 pages. $7.50.

THE MANY absurdities in which pure science has found itself, coupled with the many grave problems of social readjustment which applied science has brought upon us, have provided both intellectual and emotional grounds for a turn to other attitudes. Thus, there are signs that the positivistic West would gladly renounce its positivism in favor of a mystical guidance, though men of intelligence and emotional decency have, for the most part, been denied much opportunity in this direction unless they were content to piece together little religions of their own. The dogmatists of the contemporary Church could obviously offer them nothing, as these men were generally of a very unenterprising nature—and whatever talents they had were enlisted more in the cause of institutionalism than of insight. Accordingly, when Mr. Ouspensky came forward some years ago with his "Tertium Organum: A Key to the Enigmas of the World," the situation was considerably improved. In him mysticism found an apologist of distinction.

It is no wonder that a very reputable group of readers rallied behind him. For here is a man of broad learning and even broader sympathies, an ingenious and independent thinker, and above all a mystically inclined person who realized that the organized forces of virtue are much farther from a sense of religious values than a thief or a child-slayer could ever be. To Californian Christianity, the doctrine that customers go streaming into the Kingdom of Heaven by the millions, if they have but earned good salaries and advocated more laws, he is wholly impervious. Whereas our cults have generally been recruited among the slow witted, this man's critical weapons are sharp enough to make any contented statistics-gatherer-in-the-name-of-science uneasy. He knows that insufficient facts can often be more misleading than no facts at all; and since we must admit that on "ultimate" questions our facts are always insufficient, he has here a good entering wedge for what he calls the "psychological method," the "revaluation of all values from the point of view of their *own* psychological meaning and independently of the outer or accompanying facts on the basis of which they are generally judged." That is, if one under gas dreamed a metaphysical "revelation," we could not dispose of the "revelation" by saying that the man was under gas; it would remain a revelation regardless of the "facts." The universe can look entirely different, if we but make this one slight change in our rules of thumb for thinking.

There are, says Mr. Ouspensky, four ways that lead to the Unknown, "four forms of conception of the world—religion, philosophy, science and art." These ways have diverged until they contradict themselves and one another. But "the more they have broken up and separated from one another, the farther they depart from truth. Truth is at the center, where the four ways converge. Consequently the nearer they are to one another, the nearer they are to truth, the farther from one another, the farther from truth." In Egypt, Greece and India, "there were periods when the four ways constituted one whole." The knowledge of these times was "esoteric" knowledge—and the author lays great weight upon this knowledge in the attempt to construct his new model of the universe which, in contrast with the specializing works of the contemporary West, would tend to make religion, philosophy, science and art again converge. The convergence, as one might expect, cannot be readily followed within the exclusive field of any one of the four. He considers knowledge "based upon senses which surpass our five senses and upon a capacity for thinking which surpasses ordinary thinking." He holds that "ordinary logical language" is but an approximation to the "truth." For there is also the insight of mysticism, which is "entirely emotional, entirely made up of subtle, incommunicable sensations, which are even more incapable of verbal expression and logical definition than are such things as sound and color and line."

The author has examined holy texts, in particular the religious lore of the East. His chapter on "Experimental Mysticism" would lead us to suppose that he had made many tests with hasheesh, deriving from it that sense of impersonality, of the subjective merging into the objective, of "unity," which this drug seems to have induced even in people much less mystically inclined than he. He studied the symbolism of the Tarot. He stood beneath the Sphinx, or listened to the remarkable set of echoes which went hurtling about the mausoleum of the Taj Mahal when one of the gatekeepers had called out the name of Allah—and at such times he felt himself in the presence of a profound secret which was all but revealed to him. He looked into the matter of the five Yogas, which teach "the way to find the hidden truth concealed in things, in the actions of men, in the writings of great sages of all times and peoples." He holds that our development must be toward a "higher consciousness." There is an inner circle of humanity, those in possession of esoteric knowledge, who have had a great influence upon the course of mankind, though such effects are generally disguised, particularly as the masses pervert the doctrines by bringing them to lower levels in the very process of accepting them. Nature is purposive: there is the great laboratory of nature which produced all the inferior forms of life as "preliminary experiments" in the attempt to create a "self-evolving being," which is man. Man has the power, by the selection and disciplining of certain faculties, to become "superman," and thereupon to pass into that higher plane of being which transcends the cycles of such life as we, of the outer circle, live.

This constitutes in brief summary the part of the present volume preceding the chapter on "A New Model of the Universe" proper. This chapter, whatever else one may think of it, is certainly among the world's most ingenious pieces of thinking. It considers the underlying factors of "old physics," shows how certain discoveries of "old physics" led to a breaking of the frame—then concludes that certain considerations of "new physics" must break the frame in turn and lead to the supposition of some such universe as he describes. Old physics broke down, the author says, primarily because it did not consider time as a "fourth dimension." But the new physics is inadequate because there are in reality *three* dimensions of time, whereas the new physics considers but the "line of time." Thus:

> Motion by itself is a very complex phenomenon. At the very first approach to motion we meet with an interesting fact. Motion has in itself three clearly expressed dimensions: duration, velocity and "direction." But this direction does not lie in Euclidean space, as it was taken by old physics; it is a direction from before to after, which for us never changes and never disappears.
>
> Time is the measure of motion. If we represent time by a line, then the only line which will satisfy all

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the demands of time will be a *spiral*. A spiral is a "three-dimensional line," so to speak, a line which requires three coördinates for its construction and designation.

Six-dimensional space is reality, "the world as it is." We see this reality only "through the slit of the senses," thus translating it into a world of three space dimensions and one time dimension. The author now proceeds to examine these added dimensions more closely. Direction, velocity and duration are not, of course, their "real" description, but merely their translation into the terms of our limited vision. They have properties which take them beyond the realm of physics. Thus:

Let us, he says, consider a three-dimensional body in space as a point in time. Now let us draw a line, with "Before" at the left end and "After" at the right end. Anywhere along this line let us choose a point to call "Now." And we can choose other points along the same line to call "Now." Let us next imagine perpendiculars drawn from these Now's. Each one of these perpendiculars will be the "Perpetual Now" for that particular moment. This is the fifth dimension. Each Now will, by the nature of this dimension, exist forever, though we, on the line of the fourth dimension, or "historical time," will move on from one Now to the next as we progress from moment to moment. Each moment, that is, has its Perpetual Now going off "perpendicular" to it.

> But each moment of "now" on the line of time . . . contains not one, but a certain number, of possibilities. . . . I may actualize one of the existing possibilities, that is, I may do something. I may do nothing. But whatever I do, that is, whichever of the possibilities contained in the given moment is actualized, the actualization of this possibility will determine the *following moment of time,* the following *now*. . . . Thus, the line of the direction of time can be defined as the line of the actualization of one possibility out of the number of possibilities which were contained in the preceding point. The line of this actualization will be the line of the fourth dimension, the line of time. We visualize it as a straight line, but it would be more correct to think of it as a zigzag line. The perpetual existence of this actualization, the line perpendicular to the line of time, will be the line of the fifth dimension, or the line of eternity.

And the sixth dimension will be the "line of the actualization of other possibilities which were contained in the preceding moment but were not actualized 'in time.' . . . The line of time, repeated infinitely in eternity, leaves at every point unactualized possibilities. But these possibilities, which have not been actualized in one time, are actualized in the sixth dimension, which is an aggregate of 'all times.'"

I had some difficulty in thinking of these "possibilities" until I imagined them as bottles on a shelf. At a given moment on the line of "historical time" there are a number of bottles, variously labeled, sitting on the shelf, and we choose one of them. This choice presumably affects the number and assortment of bottles that will be on the shelf at the next moment of time. But the bottle we chose at the preceding moment will have an infinite extension in the fifth dimension; it will be the eternal bottle for that moment. The bottles we did not choose, however, will not be destroyed; they are still on the shelf, the shelf of the sixth dimension.

This hypostatizing of "possibilities" seems less arbitrary when we see what the author does with it. We understand the nature of these two dimensions better when we understand the conclusions and exhortations which he draws from them. They are, in brief, coupled with a doctrine of recurrence. A man lives over and over again, "in the same town, in the same street." He will have the same relatives, "will make the same mistakes, laugh and cry in the same way," etc. This explains the feeling we sometimes have that this has *happened before*. It also explains the unerringness with which some men play their roles: their certainty as to the outcome of some act indicates a previous acquaintanceship with the situation. Thus, if we are to improve ourselves, and are implicated in the events of our previous cycles, we must remove the evil *by remedying the past*. We now see the function of the bottles of "unactualized possibilities" which were left standing on the shelf of the sixth dimension. We can make a different selection, putting back the bottle which we had taken down before and choosing another in its stead.

"There would be no possibility of thinking of the *evolution of humanity*, if the possibility did not exist for individually evolving men to go into the past and struggle against the causes of the present evil which lie there. This explains *where those people disappear who have remembered their past lives.*" That is, they have reincarnated into the past, have gone to influence the choice of possibilities. Reincarnation, however, is possible "only into places which become free, into 'vacancies.'" These vacancies are made either "when a soul, after many lives of conscious struggle, obtains freedom, leaves the circle of lives in the particular 'place in time' and goes in the direction of its source, that is, into the past." And there are also undesirable vacancies left when a soul has so degenerated that, as it were, it drops out the bottom, "ceases to be born." The closing chapter, on "Sex and Evolution," suggests that as sex is ordinarily employed in birth, it may, as is evidenced by the pronounced attitude toward sex usually taken in religious disciplines, be "transmuted" into a mechanism for spiritual rebirth. Sex alone contains, for ordinary man, something of the ecstasy which marks the normal mystic state; and the melancholy which often accompanies strong sexual feeling is perhaps an admonition, a dim foreboding, of the "departure" into higher realms of being that might occur if this sex were more accurately transmuted.

Such are the outlines of this work. They should serve, I think, to indicate that the work is practically beyond "argument." There is nothing to "disprove." In the sixth dimension, the author says, "every point of time touches every point of space and everything is anywhere and always." To offer such a conception in opposition to the paradoxes of relativism may seem to some like "reconciling" the logical absurdities of a four-dimensional system by postulating a fifth dimension in which all logical absurdities are reconciled. If someone cares to say that there is such a dimension, there is certainly no mechanism for saying him nay. One can, if he is out of sympathy with the author, simply test the message by aspects with which he is in sympathy. It takes no "believer," for instance, to find much that is admirable and overwhelming and even "revealing" in the vast mythology of Blake. Similarly, in the present work one will find many observations which indicate great sensitiveness to human values, though in this case the perceptions are critical rather than poetic. On the whole, those of us who, however grudgingly, are still weighted down with positivism will prefer our "new models of the universe" as a Blake or a Milton conceives

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them. The great cry for synthesis is more popular than compelling. No one would ask for a synthesis between bridge building and botany. Two different fields of investigation are "synthesized," not by the merging of their concepts, but by a similarity of method; there is "synthesis" when we develop a "form" of procedure which can be applied *mutandis mutatis* to varying subject matters; botany and bridge building are "brought together" when our ways of studying the one have their equivalent in our ways of studying the other—and this essential aspect of synthesis is already with us. And whatever the values of a synthesis may be, they are hardly great enough to justify an approach which mingles the dialectic of philosophy, the metaphors of art, the measurements of science and the "higher knowledge" of religion. The result is an indeterminate shifting of vocabulary which, far from avoiding the deceptions of speech which Yoga equips us to reveal, makes it possible for deceptions of speech to flourish at their greatest.

KENNETH BURKE.

Plato's Illinois Republic

The Case of Frank L. Smith, a Study in Representative Government, by Carroll Hill Wooddy. University of Chicago Press. 393 pages. $3.

THAT MONEY is the nemesis of democracy was apparent in America long before Spengler included this principle in his philosophy of history. The purchase of candidates and public officials by the possessors of great wealth is scarcely news in the United States. But when the purchased turn upon the unsuccessful purchasers, the result is a front-page scandal. On August 16, Frank L. Smith, the subject of the present volume, published an open letter to Professor Wooddy of the University of Chicago, its author. He demanded that the book be revised to include the story of a temptation which he had nobly scorned. Julius Rosenwald, he said, had offered him 10,000 shares of Sears Roebuck stock, worth more than half a million dollars, to withdraw his candidacy for the United States Senate.

The two-day flurry which followed is a safe indication that public and press are still uninterested in the contributions of political scientists to an understanding of practical politics—that they listen only when the politicians themselves choose to speak. Professor Wooddy's book appeared on April 1. Although it did not go into circumstantial details, it did, as a matter of fact, reveal Julius Rosenwald's offer. But the public showed no interest in the question until four months later, when Smith's letter was published. The letter itself was not so much a charge against the book or against Rosenwald as an effort to rehabilitate Frank L. Smith by showing his uprightness in refusing what amounted to a bribe. Sophisticated readers will interpret the incident differently. They will say, with justice, that Smith regarded the profits and prestige of his senatorship as being of such paramount importance that he was willing to accept a large amount of money from an improper source to procure them, but unwilling to accept a still larger sum from an untainted source to forego them.

Professor Wooddy's work, however, is no mere political biography to be judged by reference to the recent headlines. It is a contribution to the dynamics of the American party system—a penetrating analysis and a dramatic tale, full of life and reality for all those interested in "the true story of the business of politics as it is actually conducted in a representative American commonwealth." The book shows evidence throughout of the intelligent use of the techniques of statistics and psychology in unraveling political problems and evaluating political leaders. Here, in bright colors, are William Lorimer, Cook County boss, Springfield grafter and federal Senator; Len Small, boodling Governor and political racketeer; Frank Lundin, "poor Swede" king-maker and vendor of "Juniper-ade"; "Big Bill" Thompson, until yesterday Chicago's playboy mayor and the world's clown; and Charles S. Deneen, one of the "respectables" but a sorry figure withal.

The career of Frank L. Smith is typical of many second-rate politicians: successful realtor, prosperous banker, aspirant for public office, and finally chairman of the Illinois Commerce Commission. In the latter post he was in a position to grant substantial favors in fixing public-utility rates to Samuel Insull, millionaire enterpriser, anti-World-Court wowser and sponsor of Civic Opera. Insull donated $125,000 to the campaign fund which enabled Smith to win the Republican nomination for the senatorship in 1926. But the Vare scandals in Pennsylvania led the Senate to launch an investigation into primary-election expenses, and the inquisitiveness of Jim Reed revealed the Insullation of the Republican candidate. Smith rejected Rosenwald's overtures and, with the aid of the Anti-Saloon League and the Republican machine, was "vindicated" by the voters, who elected him in preference to his supposedly "honest" rivals. The Senate, however, closed its doors to one who, while still chairman of the Commerce Commission, had accepted huge sums from Insull and other utility magnates in order to obtain his election. He was finally refused his seat in January, 1928, and turned out into the cold—not quite clever enough to have gotten away with tactics no more reprehensible than those of his cronies and colleagues.

The whole episode, which Professor Wooddy relates graphically and in detail, with illustrations well chosen from contemporary cartoons, is enormously illuminating of the relationship between "honest" business and "dishonest" politics in the contemporary American scene. The publication of such a revealing volume by a university press in the very city in which Messrs. Insull and Rosenwald live and do business is a heartening indication that academic freedom has not yet succumbed completely to the assaults of the bagmen. Smith's ultimate exclusion from the Senate is less significant than the means by which he got himself elected. Like other politicians, he was supported by Insull for a very tangible *quid pro quo,* which the book fully discloses. Rosenwald's offer is less significant for the unusual motives behind it than for the light it throws upon the methods which business men regard as necessary and legitimate to obtain political results. The whole situation, far from being exceptional, is quite normal, as the author recognizes, and makes clear "how the game must be played by those who aspire for success in Illinois politics."

Professor Wooddy does not stop with his admirably behavioristic and well documented account of what took place. He has few illusions regarding the processes of democracy under conditions of economic oligarchy, but he has much common-sense advice to offer on the subject of primary elections, corrupt-practices legislation and the like. He sees hope of salvation in the modification of the machinery of government and of elections to bring them into conformity with modern conditions. Others may be more dubious after surveying the evidence here assembled. When bribery becomes not merely an accepted method of political

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control but also an instrument of civic righteousness and reform, the prospects are indeed dismal. Marxians, however, may derive some comfort from a curious fact: the present admirable piece of objective scholarship was financed by Julius Rosenwald himself. When capitalists contribute the money with which social scientists are enabled to analyze the capitalistic corruption of political democracy, then the established order is almost literally sowing the seeds of its own destruction.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN.

Young Harvard People

New England Holiday, by Charles Allen Smart. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.

IN ROADSTERS flashing by, in sailboats, at theatres and on pullman trains, we see the young people of Harvard and Wellesley, and wonder what, if anything, as inheritors of a definite culture, they think and feel. One can therefore be grateful to this author for his interpretations of nine guests and their hosts at a house party south of Boston. Apparently they are sensitive, inclined both to satire—either simply erudite or actually creative satire—and to regret for the clipper ships and China tea long gone. One of them is given to say of the others: "They were all touched, and some were deeply dyed, by a more profound skepticism, a more subtle discontent, a deeper unrest, a lower vitality, than I have seen in their youngers or elders, and that, I think, will cloud their days until they are dead."

Each personality carries the story along one lap, telling it in the terms of his own adventure. The chapter of Eric Warren comes off most successfully, being at once tragic and comic, and that unwittingly so far as the youngster himself is concerned. The author, however, does not quite touch bottom, and neither do his characters; discontented skeptics seldom do. He comes nearer to it in the afternoon-tea incident than elsewhere. Gordon Grieg, an outsider from Ohio, was "pretty well scared . . . because everyone seemed so quick and highbrow." At tea in the parsonage talk turned to a hymn which a student at Harvard had written for the baccalaureate service containing in acrostic "the most contemptuous and dirtiest word in the English language."

"But what I have always wanted to know," says a girl pertly, "is the word."

Gordon repeats it, and suddenly has a tremendous sensation of relief. Tea parties, even in Cambridge itself, will not frighten him again. With a contrary effect the daughter of the house felt suddenly at the word "as Odysseus must have felt when he saw all his friends turning into hogs," but her mother, Mrs. John W. Morgon, *née* Quincy, "groped back through a hundred and fifty years, found what she wanted, and came back smiling." It was her look of surprise, relief and inner laughter which confirmed Gordon's release, and proved her own right to the crown of individuality of the well born. This is the most stirring event of the holiday, and its title, "Mud Bottom," is significant.

The Unitarian clergyman preaches, the hurtfully clever New Yorker writes his mistress about his flirtations with the college girls, the young writer from Cape Cod goes on "a psychic binge" at the sound of the church bell, and round about are the peaceful woods and the severe little white houses which are like the eccentric minds of New Englanders.

HAZEL HAWTHORNE.

Book Notes

History

MODERN HISTORY: The Rise of a Democratic, Scientific and Industrialized Civilization, by Carl L. Becker. *New York: Silver, Burdett and Company. 825 pages. $2.25.*

Professor Becker begins his "Modern History" at about the year 1600, and comes down to the Kellogg Pact and the Young Plan. The book contains many novel features; it is written throughout in a fine spirit of impartiality and detachment, and in a fluent style. Amid so much that is good, there are nevertheless some sections that stand out for their especial excellence: among these might be mentioned the treatment of the Ancien Régime, the French Revolution, the Napoleonic era, the industrial revolution, the rise of socialism and of social reform. The young students of today may indeed congratulate themselves that they are being offered textbooks of history that are at once so instructive and so interesting; their fathers were not so lucky.

Some errors of fact or of interpretation have crept in. Queen Mary was James's daughter, not his sister. New Lanark was not a "community," but a capitalistic enterprise, of which Owen was the managing partner. The economic theory of Marx does not "aim to show the injustice of the present capitalistic system of industry"; on the contrary, all ethical considerations are excluded. The Gotha Program of the united German Social-Democratic party did not "accept the scientific socialism of Marx"; on the contrary, Marx tore that program to shreds, but his criticism was ignored and suppressed by the German Socialist leaders of the time. Morocco was not, even nominally, a part of the Turkish empire. Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht were murdered by soldiers in whose custody they were, not "by a mob," nor while "attempting to escape." There is no direct evidence that the mass of the Italian people willingly supports Mussolini; the two Napoleons showed how plebiscitary votes could be manufactured, while any Balkan or South American government knows how to obtain a majority vote. The Red army that put an end to the interventions and the civil war in Russia numbered several million, not about 100,000 men. These errors, the list of which might be somewhat extended, could easily be remedied in a second edition. They do not detract in an important way from the most promising and socially conscious history yet written for pupils in our secondary schools.

Social Sciences

THE FAMILY, by Edward Byron Reuter and Jessie Ridgway Runner. *New York: Whittlesey House. 615 pages. $4.*

In this collection there are more than one hundred selections from books and magazine articles. They deal not only with marriage and the family, but also with various phases of sex life, and there are even stories of individual sex experience. A few of the selections treat of primitive or historical forms of the family; but in the main the book aims at presenting the contemporary family and contemporary sex life in their multifarious aspects and relations.

THE FALL OF PRICES, by John A. Todd. *New York: Oxford University Press. 68 pages. $1.25.*

This book brings up to date the analysis of the post-war monetary situation contained in the author's "Mechanism of Exchange." A demonstration of the increasing economy in the use of gold through a widening employment of credit instruments by the public and a parallel concentration of gold reserves in the central banks leads Mr. Todd to reject the hypothesis that the present world dislocation has been due to scarcity of gold. An examination of the unequal rates at which the prices of various commodities have fallen convinces him that the trouble is rather due to disturbances in the balance of supply and demand. Since America bulks large as both producer and consumer of the commodities which have suffered most, he suggests that any turn for the better must begin here. He ends with the warning, however, that while gold stringency has not been a primary cause of difficulty to date, it may very well become one in the near future,

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and indicates the need of establishing, through the Bank for International Settlements, an international clearing house to effect on a world scale the economies which in the past ten years have proved invaluable to the national central banks.

Travel

ENGLAND, THE UNKNOWN ISLE, by Paul Cohen-Portheim. Translated by Alan Harris. *New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 237 pages. $3.*

A German who has spent many years in England, including four in an internment camp during the War, describes the people and the appearance of the country. His object being to remove German prejudices against the English, he emphasizes their virtues, and defends their politics. He makes occasional errors of fact, but his understanding of English psychology is remarkably accurate and subtle. Of the half-dozen books recently published about the English this is the best.

TURI'S BOOK OF LAPPLAND, by John Turi. *Edited and translated into Danish by Emilee Demant Hatt, and from the Danish by E. Gee Nash. New York: Harper and Brothers. 295 pages. $4.*

Lappland spreads over the territories of three nations, Norway, Sweden and Finland. Settlers from each have occupied the arable land and have constricted the Lapps, who are nomads living on the milk, flesh and hides of their reindeer, to the coldest and most inaccessible part of the Scandinavian peninsula. With the settlers have come religion, coffee, wool, taxes, education and other products of civilization; also racial self-consciousness and the desire to articulate it. Turi's book tells how reindeer are herded, of the seasonal migrations, of reindeer diseases, of wolves and other enemies of the reindeer, of the Lapp manner of living in encampments and on the march; it contains recollections of the recent history of Turi's people, their beliefs before and since the spread of Christianity, their legends, songs, etc. It reveals an attractive personality, honest, considerate and manly. Its factual material and its manner of writing (itself an important ethnological datum) are obviously of great scientific value. Turi, however, is a primitive professor rather than a primitive writer. After the novelty of the first few pages, his book is a droning catalogue, interesting more to ethnologists than to the general reader.

World Politics

BUILDING THE WORLD SOCIETY, a Handbook of International Relations, by Laura W. McMullen. *New York: Whittlesey House. 434 pages. $2.50.*

A serviceable compilation of articles on various phases of international relations, apparently designed for women's study groups.

THE SOVIET PLANNED ECONOMIC ORDER, by William Henry Chamberlin. *Boston: World Peace Foundation. 258 pages. $2.50.*

The author of "Soviet Russia" has given us another excellent book—a monograph on the planned economy of Russia. It is clear, simple and compact, dispassionate and impartial. Ever since the Bolshevik revolution, Russian industry has tended toward a system of more or less complete planning. Hence, Mr. Chamberlin rightly regards the introduction of large-scale state and collective farming as the major innovation of the Five Year Plan. The agricultural revolution implies three important results: the ending of the stagnation and unproductiveness of agriculture; its inclusion within the sphere of planned economy; its mechanization and socialization. At the beginning of 1931, that is to say, after the Plan had been working not much more than two years, Mr. Chamberlin finds its principal gains to consist in the above-mentioned agricultural revolution, the annual growth of the output of state industries by about 25 percent and the abolition of nonpolitical unemployment. Its principal losses consist in the deterioration of living standards, the failure of qualitative improvements in industry to match quantitative gains, and the widespread destruction of livestock by the peasants who were forced to join the collectives.

Fiction

FROM DAY TO DAY, by Ferdynand Goetel. *New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.*

The difference between Polish and American potboilers: here the Almighty supplies coincidences to help the lovers find each other's arms; in Poland God is also helpful, if less an optimist: after unearthly vicissitudes and difficulties, on the very eve of the to-us-familiar clinch, death steps in, sudden, unexplained, unreasonable, though six more hours of life would have brought happiness. In "From Day to Day" one woman takes poison, another just plain dies, without even exposing her method of demise. It sounds very deep, and it is very sad, and full of What is life? and when a lady is taken by the wrists "her resistance completely vanished . . . her pale face burned like fire, and her eyes, filled with an eerie light, stabbed me." In the last line of the book: "'There's no man without God,' Szmid replied."

CHILDREN AND OLDER PEOPLE, by Ruth Suckow. *New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.*

Ruth Suckow has a profound tolerance for the people and the occasions usually regarded as unworthy of imaginative treatment. In fourteen short stories, she reveals little girls and boys in small towns, spinsters loved and unloved, tourists, wives of Rotarians, Midwestern primitives (the last, by the way, is her own phrase). She does not let herself be betrayed by her own sensibilities; whether her method is a concession to the magazines or her own chosen way, it succeeds. This method is the presentation of details which are commonplace, but which clarify into a fine-drawn poignance.

Contributors

William P. Mangold, who studied at Yale and was at one time a member of the staff of The Nation, is now engaged in industrial research and magazine writing in New York City.

Dorothy E. Reid, several of whose poems have been published in The New Republic, is the author of "Coach into Pumpkin," a book of verse.

Suzanne La Follette was the editor of The New Freeman. She is now in London observing the political situation and the results of unemployment.

Bertrand Russell, now Lord Russell, having recently succeeded to the family title, is the distinguished mathematician and philosopher. The progressive school which he conducts upon principles described in the present article has attracted international attention.

Louis Francis Budenz, before becoming the national executive secretary of the Conference for Progressive Labor Action and the editor of Labor Age, was the leader of several strikes—of the hosiery workers in Kenosha, Wis., of the street-car workers in St. Louis, of the hosiery workers in Nazareth, Pa.

Daniel Fuchs is writing the reminiscences of a Brooklyn boyhood spent in the shadow of the Williamsburg Bridge. This, we believe, is his first published article.

Joseph Freeman, co-author with Scott Nearing of "Dollar Diplomacy," edited "Voices of October" with Louis Lozowick and Joshua Kunitz.

Matthew Josephson, after writing "Zola and His Time" and "Portrait of the Artist as American," has settled on a farm near the Housatonic River, where he recently completed a long biography of Rousseau.

Kenneth Burke, born in Pittsburgh, where he attended Peabody High School with James Light, Malcolm Cowley and Susan Jenkins, now spends a semi-studious, semi-aquatic life on his New Jersey farm. He was given the Dial Award in 1927.

Frederick L. Schuman, the author of "American Policy Toward Russia Since 1917," is a member of the Political Science department at the University of Chicago. He was a frequent contributor to The New Freeman.

Hazel Hawthorne is spending the summer at Provincetown, where she is finishing a novel of New England life.

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Reprints of the article

My Brother Commits Suicide

published in The New Republic of May 6, 1931, are available at $2 a hundred copies.

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Merry-Go-Round

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It is fashionable to deride politics, and popular to profess indifference to matters political—a derision and a boredom well justified by the staleness with which political information, particularly that coming from Washington, is commonly retailed in the press.

But give those same indifferent people a chance to read political news which is shrewd, realistic, preferably a bit irreverent, but above all, independent—and note the response.

The New Republic has been noting it for years, reading the letters and listening to the comments of people who get excited about T. R. B. and his weekly Washington Notes.

Noteworthy, also, is the reception which has recently been given to another political writer—the anonymous author (or authors) of "Washington Merry-Go-Round," a book which has gone through seven large printings in a few weeks.

Readers of The New Republic know that they are interested in politics. For the benefit of others who may need to be convinced, we print on the left the list of chapters which comprise "Washington Merry-Go-Round," and suggest that anyone looking for entertaining reading examine the chapters which arouse his curiosity. Our offer is:

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To be published in October

Rebel India

by H. N. BRAILSFORD

THE twentieth century has produced two great leaders of the world's oppressed masses: Lenin and Gandhi. The revolution achieved by the former has now attained stability; the ideas and aspirations of its "new social order" are being tried out with the whole-hearted support of the Russian peoples. Gandhi's revolution is as yet to be achieved; it involves a submerged population double that of Russia, almost equal to that of China, 70 per cent of the British Empire. Given such numbers, and the geographical fact that Bombay is directly south of Tashkent and Omsk, its immense significance for the world of the West, is apparent. ¶ H. N. Brailsford is known to Americans as a keen and intelligent observer of world politics whose writings are characterized by clarity, brilliance of style and strict honesty. His acquaintance with India's problems dates back many years; in 1930 he travelled extensively in the peninsula, gathering facts and impressions at first hand. His book is a record of that journey, but it is more. He brings into focus the whole revolutionary movement and presents the ideals and leading characters in the setting of the next great world drama. ¶ Design for the title page by Clare Leighton.

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